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THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION.

THE report that the Government has determined to meet Parliament without a project of Reform has acquired consistency and general credence. The supposed alternative of an appeal to the House of Commons to assume the initiative is altogether absurd. Ministers in a Constitutional Government are placed in power to lead, and not to follow; and to an inquiry whether Parliament desired Reform, the only suitable answer would be that Parliament desired to have a Cabinet with an opinion of its own. As FALSTAFF told the Chief Justice's attendant, though it be a shame to be on any side but the right, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worse side. Mr. DISRAELI has at least an intellectual conscience, and some of his colleagues must be too proud to abdicate the functions of a rank which they retain. Failure to propose a Reform Bill can only be justified by a belief that changes in the representation are neither necessary nor desirable. If Mr. DISRAELI differs on so vital a point from the majority of the Ministers, he would have consulted his reputation by declining to share in a policy which he must consider unsound. Nearly all his party have said, and many of them believe, that a considerable extension of the franchise is expedient in itself, as well as for the purpose of escaping from agitation. So-called practical measures come in natural succession after the repair of the machinery by which they are to be effected. It is barely possible that Mr. DISRAELI may have preferred to immediate legislation the scheme of a Parliamentary Commission to inquire into the state of the representation. With all his acuteness and versatility, Mr. DISRAELI is sometimes wanting in the instinct of political fitness and practicability; and, as he has given much thought to the details of electoral machinery, he may perhaps overrate the importance of minute statistical accuracy. But he ought to understand that a Bill for a Commission is liable to the preliminary objection, that it will never be passed by the House of Commons. A Commission can never furnish a suitable tribunal for the determination of great constitutional questions. After the discussions of the past year, every politician in and out of Parliament is in possession of the necessary materials for forming a final opinion on Reform; and it is clear that changes ought to be made at once, or to be indefinitely deferred. While a Commission was taking evidence, and framing draft reports, the country would be incessantly disturbed by agitation.

The position of the two great parties cannot be clearly defined until the intentions of the Government are disclosed. The Liberals have abstained during the entire recess from any language which could limit their future discretion; and Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE still linger on the Continent, as if for the express purpose of rendering concerted plans of action impossible. No Cabinet had ever so fair a chance of neutralizing a nominally hostile majority, for at least a third of the Opposition would prefer a Reform Bill proposed by Mr. DISRAELI to a change of Government at the present moment. The House of Commons professedly distrusts Lord DERBY, but it really objects far more strongly to Mr. BRIGHT. Common enmities might have sufficed to produce a provisional friendship, and tolerance might eventually have expanded into goodwill. Mob meetings and seditious language incline moderate men to combine, but those who have most to gain by co-operation must be prepared to make some sacrifice of external consistency. The Government has only to disclaim all intention of Reform, and the Liberal phalanx is re-united.

It is seldom easy to disintegrate a party, but a Ministerial Reform Bill would probably either separate Mr. GLADSTONE from his more moderate followers, or compel him to break with Mr. BRIGHT. It will be difficult for any Liberal member, unless he agrees with Mr. LOWE, to refuse his concurrence in a resolution affirming the urgency of Reform. The

Conservatives, aided by the seceders, were never strong enough in the last Session to defeat the Government on the main issues raised by the Bill; and although Mr. GLADSTONE experienced many checks, there was always some special reason or excuse for supporting the various amendments as they were successively proposed. The events of the autumn and winter have assuredly not diminished the reasons for introducing a Bill; and the inaction of the Government would enable the Opposition to raise the question in the most advantageous form. Mr. GLADSTONE is not known to have spent any part of the winter at Capua; and unless his vigour and restlessness have been unaccountably exchanged for Epicurean indifference, he will not allow many days to pass before he gives notice of a decisive motion or resolution. Many of his party are content to postpone their return to power until Lord RUSSELL has retired, and perhaps until Mr. GLADSTONE has become quieter; but they will nevertheless answer Mr. BRAND's familiar call, and on a vote implying want of confidence the mildest Reformers must lie down with Mr. BRIGHT. If the Ministers survive the Session, their policy, whatever may be its character, will have been in some degree justified by success. Compulsory resignation before Easter would be little less than ignominious. To have held office for six months when it was impossible to lose it, to have enjoyed power and distributed patronage on the faith of a policy which would not bear the inspection of Parliament, would be scarcely more creditable than to dine at a tavern and to fail to pay the bill. Lord DERBY and his colleagues ought not to have taken office unless there was a reasonable prospect of satisfying the House of Commons, with or without Reform.

The proposal of a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* to depose Mr. GLADSTONE from the place of leader is slightly ungenerous and wholly impracticable. It is a minor objection to the change that there is no one to take Mr. GLADSTONE's place. Like JUPITER in the *Iliad*, the late leader of the House of Commons might safely defy his colleagues and followers to try their collected strength against him, while he singly held the golden chain which binds the party together. Fifty years ago the Whigs tried the experiment of importing Mr. PONSOMBY from Ireland as a safe and harmless leader; and the result is commemorated in "the trial of HENRY BROUGHAM," as reported by Mr. PEEL in the *New Whig Guide*. The real leader was supposed to have called the sham leader an old woman, and Mr. GLADSTONE would probably behave with similar disrespect to any usurper who might be substituted in his place. The more advanced Liberals would unanimously refuse to recognise any other chief, and many malcontents would shrink from avowing the distrust and irritation which they express freely in private. Mr. DISRAELI has survived many attempts to substitute respectable mediocrity for unsafe genius. Mr. GLADSTONE has as strong a claim of personal superiority, although Mr. LOWE, if he had retained his party orthodoxy, might have proved himself a formidable competitor. Although political suicide is not beyond the range of possibility, Mr. GLADSTONE has no reason to fear party assassination. The profession of extreme opinions would amount to abdication; and it would be in the highest degree injudicious to precipitate the schism. At present Mr. GLADSTONE is under no temptation to offer imprudent pledges. His latest political professions after the end of the Session were conciliatory and moderate, and a justifiable desire to resume office would not be furthered by displays of extravagance or of passion. If Mr. GLADSTONE were to rely exclusively on Radical support, he would be locking the door in his own face for the sake of showing his agility in climbing in through the window.

Except in the prosecution of common hostilities against the Government, Mr. BRIGHT and his little lot of adherents will be more sharply isolated than in former Sessions. Having deliberately and repeatedly excited the mob against the House of Commons, Mr. BRIGHT has elected to rely on

intimidation rather than on persuasion. Mr. SEYMOUR lately took a singularly awkward opportunity of expressing a feeling which is more general than his liability to blunder. Liberal members of the purest strain find that, if they venture, like Mr. NEATE, to depart from Mr. BRIGHT's opinions, they are attacked with reckless abuse by papers like the *Morning Star*, and by agitators of the rank of Mr. BEALES. There are probably not twenty members in the House who are associated with Mr. BRIGHT by any stronger bond than terror. If any of his supposed adherents attempt to assert their independence, they are denounced to their constituents and the country as traitors to the popular cause. It is highly to the credit of the Metropolitan members that, with the exception of Mr. MILL, they have given no countenance to the mob meetings which have been held in London. Unless either Mr. GLADSTONE or the Liberal party commit some extraordinary blunder, Mr. BRIGHT's influence in the House is not likely to increase. On the whole, the omens are favourable to the Opposition, although the manipulation of the entrails has been in the hands of the Government. Any successful contrivance for avoiding Ministerial defeat would even now be not unwelcome to the expectant victors. It is unfortunate that a common interest cannot unite the House of Commons in the pursuit of a common object.

#### CROWNING THE EDIFICE.

THE edifice is really crowned at last. After all these long years, in which the EMPEROR has been surveying the work of his hands, and doubting whether it would bear the last finishing touch, he has made up his mind not to go to the grave without having made his building complete. He has done the deed—he has given France liberty. He who long gave it security, and order, and glory, but did not dare to give it more, has now ventured on the last bold experiment of his reign, and has made France free. That is, he has given France as much freedom as France could possibly endure or want. There is nothing more for her to wish or to hope for. She has got her edifice, and the artificer has put the crown of her liberty on it. The particular form which this final, perfect, crowning, all-sufficient liberty takes in France is this:—If five members of the Senate or the Corps Législatif agree in wishing to ask a question of the Government, and if they put this question in writing, the PRESIDENT of the Chamber will submit it to the Committees of the Chamber, and if two out of the five Committees in the Senate, or four out of the nine Committees in the Corps Législatif, think the question ought to be put, then it is to be put. That is all. This is the crown, and this is that allowance of liberty which the EMPEROR, after fifteen years of trying his people, thinks they can just bear. More than this would send them wild, and he would have to save society again. But he thinks they can just stand this. They can keep their senses under the fearful excitement of putting a question in writing, getting two or four Committees, as the case may be, of Government nominees to settle whether the question is a good one, and then waiting to see whether any one will answer it. There is no undertaking given that any answer shall be returned of any sort, still less that the answer shall be true, or complete, or satisfactory. The Minister of the department to which the question refers has only to appear, and say that the public interests require silence on the subject, and the whole affair will be at an end. This palladium of French liberty cannot come into existence at all unless there are members who will agree to be constantly starting it, and who will patiently write down their questions, and go on in a pertinacious humble way time after time, very doubtful whether their questions will ever be put, and totally uncertain whether they will ever be answered. If we can conceive a representative assembly in which every third man was a DARBY GRIFFITH, then perhaps the thing might be just possible. The class of men who would put the questions, whom the Committees would laugh at and patronize, whom the Minister addressed would snub with the snub severe or the snub jocose, as he happened to regard the palladium of liberty in a contemptuous or a humorous light, might then be available. The French would then feel free, and see their edifice crowned; but at present they must be aware that this freedom and this crown are theoretical only until the men have been found who will ask very safe questions, in a very laborious way, on the speculation that some one may think it worth while to give them an evasive answer.

In all French history there has been nothing so absurd as this. It must be remembered that the Corps Législatif had already the right of discussing the Address. Once a year, that is to say, the Deputies had an opportunity of stating all their

grievances, of appealing to the country, of solemnly proclaiming the shortcomings of the Government of France. This is now at an end. There is to be no more a debate on the Address. The speeches of the few great orators who have survived the wreck of the old Parliamentary Government, and who have condescended to take part in the Parliamentary discussions of the Empire, had a certainty that, at least once a year, they could have their say without fear of consequences to themselves, and without any apprehension of upsetting the Government. They could be as bold as they pleased, and they knew that the effects of their boldness would be only remote and indirect. This was by no means a slight privilege. They could appeal to France; and if they were aware that France for the moment would turn a deaf ear to their arguments and appeals, they might always hope that a great country would not be content to be bounded by the present, and would seek guidance for the future in the counsels even of those who happened to be out of favour with the Government of the day. But now there is to be no more discussion. There is to be no more free statement of opinion. All the representatives of the French people are to preserve an unbroken silence, unless five of them can hit on a question safe and unmeaning enough to pass the ordeal of numerous Committees, and an answer to which may be given or declined according to the fancies of the Government of the day. This is a mere going back. There is less of a crown on the edifice than there was before. It is true that this liberty of questioning under difficulties does not stand alone. In the first place, the Minister of each department is to attend personally when questions affecting his department come under discussion, and is to say with regard to them what it is considered desirable a Minister should say. But there is to be no such thing as a Ministry. Each Minister is to attend as a mere emissary from the Government, and has nothing to do but to explain that his department is always right. This is certainly better than nothing. The Minister is likely to take sufficient interest in the measures which he has himself prepared to defend them as well as he can, and, if he says the best he can for them, others will be stimulated to say the worst they can against them; and so a discussion not totally without life and spirit may be occasionally provoked. Then, again, the press is to be a little—a very little—better treated. It will still be the law that no paper is to be set up without authorization, and when a paper is set up, it will be as liable as it is now to be called to account for its offences; but its offences will henceforth be judged of, not in the bureau of a Minister, but in a Court of law. This is a step forward, but a very slight one, for the Courts which are to take cognizance of the offences of the press are of an humble order, and the judge is not much more than a police officer under the control of the Government. Some concessions are also to be made with regard to the liberty of holding public meetings, and some day or other Frenchmen may get so far as to be allowed to meet very quietly, in a small private way, to discuss politics of a totally harmless kind. But the wonderful thing is that the EMPEROR should have gone out of his way to declare that he has now given France all that she can possibly want or endure, and that the Napoleonic scheme of things is complete. If he had merely taken away the privilege of discussing the Address, people would have smiled, and thought he was afraid of the discourse which M. THIERS has ready in pickle for him; if he had made a trifling change in the laws regulating the press and public meetings, people would have said that it made no great difference, but was all very well as far as it went. But to call the attention of the world to these petty changes, and solemnly to inform it that they are the liberty which for years the EMPEROR has been hoping to give his country as his last best blessing to her, is to make France and himself ridiculous.

Is all this a sign of strength or of weakness? Does the EMPEROR feel so firmly fixed on his throne, and so secure of leaving his crown to his son—is the Empire so irrevocably bound up with the future of France—that he feels himself able to do exactly as he pleases, and that when he is asked for the bread of liberty, he may, if he likes, throw his suppliants the smallest pebble he can find? Or is it that he is really puzzled what to do, that he fears equally to give freedom and to deny it, and that he has made these ludicrous little concessions in so pompous a way out of mere bewilderment and despair? That France is for the moment dissatisfied no one doubts. It has long been denied liberty at home, for which it probably does not care much, except that it sounds humiliating that Italians and Prussians should be thought fit for things



for which the French are thought unfit. But lately France has also been denied glory abroad, and for glory abroad the French care very much. The *Moniteur* announces that the Government is most anxious to give information about its foreign policy. Perhaps five members will be induced to ask the right sort of question, and the Committees will be guided to see that the question may be put, and then an explanation of the recent foreign policy of France will be given. Such an explanation is certainly greatly needed. Frenchmen have been as much at a loss as other people to understand it; and if the explanation, unlike most explanations, explains what is really obscure, it ought to be very interesting. The general drift of the recent foreign policy of France admits, we imagine, of a solid justification; but there have been some minor and yet most important features in it that will bear a good deal of light being thrown on them. It was the wisest way, as every one acknowledges, to clear out of Mexico at the bidding of the Americans. The Government only did what France wished it to. But it will be interesting to hear how the Government thinks it has been consistent with the honour of France to leave Mexico without any provision for the safety of those who have trusted France, and supported her, and aided her army. In the same way, the forbearance which France has shown to Prussia may have been not only excusable but laudable. The French themselves might possibly be brought to see that their permanent interests are promoted by the establishment of two strong thriving nations by their side like Italy and Prussia. But it would be more than interesting, it would be in the highest degree exciting, to hear how the EMPEROR's Government would explain the fact that France demanded territory of which she said she had a right, and bore tamely to have her claim flatly denied. This is what rankles in the minds of Frenchmen. They have eaten dirt in the face of Europe and are ashamed; and then, when some of the foremost of them urge that the time is evidently come when France may advantageously share in the management of her own affairs, the EMPEROR replies that he has made up his mind to give them what they ask for, and that henceforth, when five members put a safe question in writing to the Government, the Government will actually go so far as to think whether it will answer it or not. People must indeed be thankful for small mercies in France if this satisfies them.

#### AMERICA.

THAT invincible ignorance of American affairs which has often been imputed to Englishmen prevails widely in the United States. Only three or four weeks ago it was believed that the plan of impeaching the PRESIDENT had been abandoned; and even when charges were submitted to Congress, it was said that the matter was practically shelved by reference to the Judiciary Committee. It now appears that the impeachment is favoured by the leaders of the majority, whose policy will be undoubtedly supported by the Committee. The inoperative veto on the Bill for giving the franchise to negroes in the District of Columbia has been accepted by the Republicans as a challenge. Not content with stating his reasons for disapproving of the measure, the PRESIDENT gratuitously quoted a string of authorities in support of the abstract proposition that legislative power might be exercised in a tyrannical manner. As Congress, however, was not likely to admit that its own conduct was unjust or oppressive, it was entirely useless to protest against a possible abuse of authority. The articles of impeachment will probably not be directed against the exercise of the prerogative of the veto; and, on the other hand, it is scarcely probable that the Republicans will formally accuse the PRESIDENT of personal corruption. If, indeed, the chief of the Government could be shown to have sold public offices, no punishment could be too severe for the offence; but a conviction on the ground of vulgar crime would be irrelevant to the political controversy which has really provoked the impeachment. Speculation has nothing to do with plans of reconstruction, or with the expediency of conferring the electoral franchise on liberated slaves. The alleged omission of the PRESIDENT to enforce the Civil Rights Act in the Southern States would furnish a more legitimate reason for prosecution. It is highly probable that the Act itself may be unconstitutional, but, until a law has been declared invalid by the proper tribunal, the PRESIDENT is bound to execute its provisions. The best excuse for the recent policy of Congress consists in the duty of protecting the Southern negroes from the oppression which might ensue if the States were unconditionally restored. Amidst the conflict of doubtful testimony it may be assumed that the dominant race will in many instances be disposed to disregard the

rights of the freedmen. The Federal Government is bound in honour to secure its clients against injustice and persecution.

The Atlantic Telegraph, which contributes, under present arrangements, less than nothing to the knowledge of American politics, has lately transmitted the doubtful statement that the Supreme Court has declared the Test Oath unconstitutional. The judgment by which Military Commissions were condemned has undoubtedly caused much excitement. The particular case of usurpation by Mr. LINCOLN's officers occurred in Indiana, but the decision of the Court applies equally to all parts of the Union; and the PRESIDENT has consequently directed the release of many prisoners who have been held in custody under sentence of military Courts in the South. There are few American institutions more remarkable than the judicial power of legislation exercised by the Supreme Court. In default of superhuman prescience, framers of Constitutions, and of all other documents, necessarily fail to provide for the elastic difficulties of the future; and it is not certain whether the Convention of 1787 intended to vest in the Supreme Court the extraordinary power which it has since assumed. According to the Constitution, the judicial power is "vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as Congress shall from time to time establish." Jurisdiction over "all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution and the laws of the United States" is conferred, not on the Supreme Court exclusively, but on the "judicial power"; so that inferior Courts established by Congress may possibly sit in judgment on the acts of the power by which they are created. It might be plausibly argued that the judicial power was authorized only to interpret the laws, and not to decide on their validity; but in practice the right of the Supreme Court to test the enactments of Congress, or of the State Legislatures, by the Constitution, has always been admitted. The recent decision of the Supreme Court was founded on an Amendment of the Constitution, adopted in 1791, which provides for trial by jury in all criminal prosecutions. The celebrated Article by which the powers not delegated to the Federal Congress are reserved to the several States respectively, or to the people, was part of another Amendment of the same date. It was at the same time provided that "the enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." It is perhaps in virtue of this Article that the Supreme Court may have declared the Test Oath illegal, as the qualifications of Senators and Representatives are fully defined by the Constitution.

The Supreme Court is vigorously denounced by the Republican leaders, and, whatever may be its constitutional attributes, in a conflict with the Legislature the weaker party will be defeated. The famous DRED SCOTT judgment declared invalid the Act of Congress which is known as the Missouri Compromise, and it authorized or required the establishment of slavery in the Territories, if not in the States, of the Union; yet by the Chicago Platform, on which Mr. LINCOLN was elected, the decision was traversed in express terms, and the subsequent predominance of the Republican party reduced the DRED SCOTT judgment to a dead letter. Mr. STEVENS and his political associates will find a pretext for superseding the authority of the Court in their theory that the Southern States are now captured provinces, held exclusively by right of conquest. As the framers of the Constitution never contemplated the existence of subject dependencies, the rule of administration in the South must, according to the Republican doctrine, be deduced from considerations of political expediency, and not from positive law. In substance, the Republicans admit the charge that their policy is unconstitutional, or rather that it is extra-constitutional. They will perhaps attempt a return to normal regularity by the circuitous process of admitting each State separately into the Union as a new political entity. It will be a surprising experiment to treat Virginia as a strange political community, and to insist on negro suffrage, and on the exclusive enfranchisement of the so-called loyal whites, as conditions of a more intimate amalgamation. The Constitution has provided for the admission of new States, but not for the exclusion of those States which concurred in the original formation of the Union. The new Virginia or Carolina may, with the aid of a legal fiction, be recognised, but the old States can only be eliminated by an act of revolutionary violence. Mr. STEVENS, with characteristic consistency, allows that secession was practically accomplished, and that the people of the South were rather enemies than rebels.

The proceedings of Congress inspire spectators with little confidence in its fitness for the sovereignty which it is rapidly assuming. The discussions are wanting in dignity and wisdom,

and the most important questions are seldom subjects of debate. The *Caucus*, or separate assembly of the majority, decides without appeal on the course to be adopted by the House; and when an important measure is to be passed, the "previous question" always ensures an immediate vote without debate. The minority of the House is effectually silenced, and dissentient Republicans are controlled by the threat of exclusion from the *Caucus*. It is only in the Senate, where the previous question is not allowed by the standing orders, that any objection to the prevailing policy can be expressed. The House of Representatives is the same which a few months since unanimously adopted Mr. BANKS's Bill for the encouragement of piracy, with full knowledge of the motives and arguments of the mover. The SPEAKER, who is a leading member of the Republican party, about the same time offered the honours of the House to the notorious ROBERTS, as the chief of the Fenian marauders on Canada. It was only by the influence in the Senate of Mr. SUMNER, who still retains a regard for decency and for the honour of his country, that Mr. BANKS's infamous Bill was prevented from passing into a law. It is difficult to believe that an assembly so regardless of propriety or prudence in foreign affairs can be competent to exercise in domestic government the vast power which it has lately claimed. For the present there is no chance of active resistance to any measures which may be applied to the South. Irresistible power is not required to shrink from anomalies, and perhaps South Carolina may be forced to submit to the enfranchisement of negroes and to the exclusion of the whole white population from the suffrage, while Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana still withhold political rights from the coloured population. It is impossible to foresee how long the supremacy of the extreme Republicans may last, but it is almost certain that the political fabric which they propose to erect will be unprosperous and short-lived. The Constitution fell to pieces when the Ordinances of Secession were passed, and the attempts to mend it have hitherto proved wholly abortive. The people of the United States may reasonably anticipate for their country a long course of prosperity and power. Indomitable energy applied to inexhaustible materials will produce the due result of wealth and greatness; nor is it a small advantage that the fundamental institutions of America are sanctioned by universal custom, and enforced by local law. Townships with their schools will survive the independence of the several States, and the early traditions of the Union. A great nation will frame for itself the system of government which it requires; but, except in form, the United States will not hereafter be ruled by the original Constitution.

#### MR. DISRAELI ON REFORM.

THE republication of Mr. DISRAELI's speeches on Reform is an interesting, even if from a Ministerial point of view it is an inopportune, contribution to the political literature of the day. In spite of some heresies, which are the result perhaps of his position as the champion of a great national party, Mr. DISRAELI must be admitted to possess a remarkable knowledge of his subject. Exception may be taken with propriety to the party use to which his knowledge is applied at times, but no other member of the House understands so intimately the bearings of the controversy. And, indeed, there is a unity about his treatment of the subject for the last twenty years which is a mark of no common intellectual power. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER cannot fairly be accused of having been accustomed to deal with Reform from hand to mouth. Up to the last year, when his tone becomes suddenly less definite and satisfactory, what he thinks about Reform is clear; and his policy has possibly been more logical and consistent than his own followers have been aware. His past speeches reveal to the reader the true character and attitude of Mr. DISRAELI. He is a Radical by nature, placed by circumstances and ambition at the head of the Conservative country gentlemen of England. The programme forced upon him by this position has always been ingenious. It has been his business and his pleasure to invent a constitutional theory which may base Conservatism upon a popular, and even a Radical, foundation. This intellectual manner of treating Conservatism colours all Mr. DISRAELI's speeches on Reform. Just as the French EMPEROR manages to reconcile the apparently opposite positions of Imperialism and Democracy, Mr. DISRAELI, who is a sort of English NAPOLEON, aspires to the glory of uniting the territorial and the industrial interests. As it suits his purpose, he is capable, it is true, like certain Continental performers, of a

little manipulation of either string. Nearly twenty years ago we find him inveighing against the Reform Bill of 1832 as a measure framed in exclusively Whig interests, which sacrificed the industrial to the middle classes. As soon, however, as he sees that there is a danger of his argument being either turned against himself, or pushed to an extreme of which he disapproves, he pulls up, and is once again the Tory country gentleman. These alternate operations he performs with considerable intellectual acumen. No human being would be more disposed to be a Radical to-morrow—to go in for the working-classes and for a working-man's franchise—were it clear that such a readjustment of political power would (as some acute observers believe it might) result in the strengthening of the Conservative party. No one is more ready, at the first appearance of a rock ahead, to reverse the engine, lie stationary on the water, and prove, from an educated and intellectual point of view, that the proper limit of progress has already been reached. No one, lastly, is more fit, if the occasion demands the effort, to frame a Bill which may give substantial enfranchisement to the masses, while preserving substantial power to those with whose interests Mr. DISRAELI has identified his own.

At a very early period Mr. DISRAELI was wise enough to see that Reform was likely to be made by the Whigs a perpetually recurring expedient for keeping or turning himself and his friends out of office. Accordingly, with much sagacity, he has uniformly taken the line of denouncing all systems of piecemeal Reform. If every fresh House of Commons is for ever to breakfast upon a fresh Reform Bill, it is evident that the Whigs must always be in power, or on the eve of stepping into it. Mr. DISRAELI's speeches are imbued with this idea. They are many, but the motto which might be inscribed at the front of each is one and the same—No piecemeal Reform. In 1852, as in 1866, Mr. DISRAELI is opposed to a "yearly tampering" with the subject. "Is it for public advantage," he asks, in 1854, "that a Minister of the country should always be laying siege to the Constitution?" "For fifteen years back," he complained, when introducing his own Bill, "Reform has been a Parliamentary question, and for ten a Ministerial." The fifteen years have grown to twenty, and still Mr. DISRAELI finds himself buffeted by Reform—a thorn in the flesh from which he seems destined never to be free. In sheer despair he has more than once pronounced himself in favour of some "comprehensive measure." The comprehensive measure never comes. Reform never is, but always is to be. This incessant recurrence of the question makes, as it has been said, almost all Government impossible. It certainly makes all Government by Tories impossible. Mr. DISRAELI is doubtless sincere in thinking that he would rather see Reform settled broadly than not see it settled at all. It is a troublesome ghost, and will give him no peace until it is laid.

A third characteristic of Mr. DISRAELI's speeches upon Reform is that, in considering the question from the point of view of theory, he never loses sight of his position as a party leader, but makes it an essential element of his theory that the Conservative party must not seriously be weakened. The protection of the vested interests of the landed classes in the government of the nation never ceases to be his paramount object. He objects equally to a property and to a numerical basis as conclusive. He seems to regard the suffrage, and indeed all political power, less as a trust or as a right than as an interest. To extend the franchise merely on a consideration of numbers is a "shallow proceeding." To allow the different influences of rank, education, and territorial position nothing but free play in the midst of all the other influences of a distinct and opposite character would be, in his opinion, a suicidal policy. There is a smack of the Protectionist about this view of Reform which is sufficiently perceptible. Mr. DISRAELI seems always to be reasoning downwards from the position that the maintenance of the political and territorial status of the English landowners ought to be the main object of all legislation. We think that he hugs this principle too closely. It is one thing to have a due regard to the landed interest in any Reform Bill that may be proposed; it is another thing to set out with the one idea of "preserving" all the great landed Tory proprietors of the country, as if they were so many pheasants. But, granting Mr. DISRAELI's premisses, his argument is consequent enough. Provided that the counties, and particularly the South of England, are left in undisputed possession of what they have got, he does not much care how the remainder of the political power is distributed, and would not, perhaps, be sorry to see the Whigs ground to powder before the wheels of the advanced Liberals. Shift the time and scene from one Session to another, and Mr. DISRAELI's detailed



views change, but this one point of view never changes. Six years ago he solemnly pronounced it as his opinion that the rate-book should not be the register; just as six years ago he was against a "household democracy." He altered his former opinion in public last summer—in the autumn and winter, perhaps, he has modified the latter. Whatever change has come over the spirit of his dream, it is clear that in Mr. DISRAELI's eyes three things are to be done with respect to Reform. The Whigs are to be paid out for the Whig job of 1832—a step which cannot perhaps be effected without a considerable increase of the franchise, and an incisive pruning of Whig boroughs. The whole question, secondly, is to be settled and buried at once and for ever; and to effect this object large concessions must be made. Thirdly and lastly, the Conservatives are to be left, not perhaps in the enjoyment of this or that small borough, but in substantial possession of the counties, and of the preponderance which is given them by their political organization throughout the kingdom.

It would not be astonishing, under these circumstances, if Mr. DISRAELI sees, or thinks he sees, his way towards the framing of a complete Reform Bill more clearly than the remaining members of Lord DERBY's Cabinet. In the first place, none of them knows so much about it as himself. The Conservative Cabinet is strong in administrative talent, but there is not one among them who has got the same grasp upon the subject of Reform. The "preserve" of country gentlemen on the back benches, whose interests Mr. DISRAELI is so anxious to protect, do not understand the dash and the freedom with which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is prepared to manipulate a terrible and insoluble problem. They can no more trust Mr. DISRAELI than the Berlin Conservatives can trust Count BISMARCK. Mr. DISRAELI's own colleagues have, with a few exceptions, the same sort of advantage over him about Reform that he kept over them during the American and German wars. They have not committed themselves to any distinct view, and are at liberty, as far as their personal antecedents are involved, to doubt the expediency of a Bill this year. It has not been their fortune or misfortune to have been putting forward vast shadowy outlines of a complete intellectual Bill from time to time during the last twenty years. They have no half-speculative passion like Mr. DISRAELI for redressing the inequalities of the Bill of 1832, just as NAPOLEON III. has been longing for years to tear to pieces the Treaties of 1815. What the latter are to the French EMPEROR, the former is to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER—a perpetual memorial of the defeat of his party, and of the diminution of their influence. General PEEL, Lord STANLEY, and Lord CRANBORNE have probably no sentimental desire to call the working-classes to their aid, to avenge them on the Whigs. If parties were like the pieces on a chessboard, which stay quiet where they are placed, Mr. DISRAELI's unrivalled capacities for combining moves might command the confidence of his party. But Mr. DISRAELI's moves, though always brilliant, have, like the French EMPEROR's, a habit of turning out unsuccessfully. It has perhaps occurred to some of his less ingenious colleagues that, however carefully Mr. DISRAELI arranges his plans for the maintenance of the Parliamentary balance, the working-classes, if admitted in large numbers anywhere within the pale, will understand the artifice which confers on them a sterile privilege, and lend their whole strength to upset it. If only the working-classes, like the pawns on the board, could be prevailed on to stand still where Mr. DISRAELI puts them, all might be well, but every wise man sees that it is too late to dream of that. Yet, as we pointed out the other day, a Ministerial programme from which a Reform Bill was conspicuously absent would be a hazardous experiment. The argument that other and mere administrative reforms are imperatively needed, though intelligible in itself, can scarcely be expected to commend itself to the approval of the party whose position is that such administrative reforms ought to be undertaken by a more popularly constituted House. An attempt to throw the reins on the neck of Parliament, and to let Reform be settled, like the India Bill, by resolution, would, after the events of last Session, seem a confession of Ministerial dissensions in the Cabinet, if not of Ministerial weakness in the lobbies. Upon the whole, the Conservative Cabinet seems in equal danger of Scylla and of Charybdis. Certainly Lord DERBY and his colleagues are in no way bound to produce a fresh Reform Bill. The difficulty is to see how Mr. DISRAELI can avoid branching off from his friends if they do not. He has so often displayed himself to the House as the one clever conjuror who can and will toss the egg without breaking it, that his dignity seems almost committed to a trial. As long

as French journalists continue to believe that it is their mission to rearrange the map of Europe to the distinct glory and advantage of the French nation, so long will Mr. DISRAELI be of opinion that he has been born to redistribute political power in England to the glory and benefit of the Conservative party. Whether he will be able to endure a Ministerial silence about Reform, to which he is only half a consenting party, is a grave question which a week or two more will clear up.

#### THE ALABAMA PAPERS.

LORD RUSSELL has collected all the documents bearing on the case of the *Alabama* into a volume, and he has done so, as he states, on account of the misrepresentations of newspapers, both English and American. Probably there have been misrepresentations enough of a case involving many intricate questions of international law; but, at any rate, it is very convenient to have these papers collected and printed at the present moment. Most people will gain a new impression of the case when they read it over again, with leisure to see its bearings, and to consider all the points involved in it. That which was once of the greatest interest is of little interest now; and we can afford to be careless as to which side gained the diplomatic victory. Lord RUSSELL proved conclusively that the American Government had once done exactly that of which they were complaining against England for doing. This was a good argument for the moment, but it has no value now. The one essential thing to aim at is that the right rules of international law shall be laid down, and henceforth adhered to; and we are enabled, from the volume now published, to ascertain with some exactness what are the rules for which Lord RUSSELL and Mr. ADAMS respectively contended. At the same time, the whole subject was new to both of them; and it was only by degrees that they arrived at definite opinions, nor were they even at last quite sure what their opinions were. Still we can extract with tolerable fullness such statements of opinion as will at least form the basis of discussion when the principles are laid down according to which England is to be held liable, or not, to give compensation for the injuries inflicted by the *Alabama*.

The main question is, of course, this—What is the duty of the neutral to the belligerent with regard to ships which are, or are said to be, being constructed or fitted out in the ports of the neutral for purposes hostile to the belligerent? Mr. ADAMS only very gradually formed an opinion on this subject. On December 30, 1862, he lays down that "the omission of HER MAJESTY's Government, upon full and reasonable notice, to carry into effect the provisions of its own law, renders it justly liable to make compensation." A month later, he had learnt to leave out this reference to the municipal law of the neutral; and he stated, in general language, that injuries inflicted on an innocent party, of which, if not prevented, it has a right to complain provided that it give notice in sufficient time for the application of the means of prevention, should be, as far as practicable, repaired or compensated for. In December 1864, he had fully made up his mind to discard the reference to municipal law altogether, and intimated his opinion that the absence of statute law cannot be urged in extenuation of the omission to fulfil the "acknowledged obligations of international law." And at length, in May 1865, he lays down the real proposition on which the American claims, if valid, must be based. He writes thus:—"If there was not *prima facie* evidence enough to justify the seizure, there was matter enough to make it the bounden duty of HER MAJESTY's officers to lose no time, and to omit no effort to obtain the evidence on their own account to verify or to disprove the allegation." In other words, the duty of the neutral is this. First, he is not responsible in any way, or called to act in any way, unless the belligerent furnishes him with some evidence of the hostile destination of the ship; but the belligerent is only bound to furnish the neutral with such evidence as will warrant further inquiry. Secondly, the neutral, directly this preliminary evidence is furnished him, is bound himself to prosecute the inquiry, and to ascertain for himself the true character of the ship. And thirdly, the neutral is bound to detain the ship while this inquiry is being made. If this is the true doctrine, there can be no doubt that the English Government was altogether in the wrong. The American Consul at Liverpool certainly collected evidence, and this evidence was properly brought before the English authorities, showing that a reasonable suspicion attached to the *Alabama*.

Lord RUSSELL never denied this, but he took throughout a totally different view of the duties of a neutral. He virtually,

though not in any passage explicitly, asserted the duty of a neutral to be this:—He is bound to detain a suspected ship when the belligerent furnishes him with evidence sufficient to procure a condemnation of the ship in the Courts of the neutral. In the first place, all the evidence is to be furnished by the belligerent; and secondly, it is to be evidence of a conclusive kind. If this is the rule, then the conduct of the English Government was undoubtedly right. A Government cannot know that evidence will be conclusive in the Courts of its country, except so far as its own legal advisers express an opinion to this effect. They are not, therefore, to act at all until their law-officers have advised them that the evidence is sufficient. When Mr. ADAMS furnished some evidence against the *Alabama*, Lord RUSSELL asked him for more and more evidence, until at last the law-officers were satisfied. And it was in accordance with this conception of the rule as to the neutral's duty that Lord RUSSELL ultimately refused arbitration. "What," he asked, "is there to arbitrate about? My only duty was to submit to the law-officers of the Crown the evidence which from time to time you furnished. Do you mean that I did not fulfil this duty? To say this is to say that I did not discharge with ordinary decency the routine duties of my office. Or do you mean that the law-officers were wrong, and that they really had sufficient evidence before they thought they had? To say this is to say that you are a better judge of the evidence necessary in an English Court of Justice than the law-officers of the Crown are. If the matter were referred to a foreign prince, how could he act? Is he to inquire whether I did my routine duties properly, or whether our law-officers understood the English law of evidence? It is absurd to think he could or would do either, and therefore arbitration must be futile." Such was the language of Lord RUSSELL; and, if the rule was as he laid it down, his language was quite in harmony with it, and was very justifiable and proper.

But the fact is that Lord RUSSELL found it impossible to adhere to his rule. Experience made it obvious that if this were the whole duty of the neutral, and he had nothing to do but to receive such evidence as the belligerent could collect, until such time as the law-officers advised him that this evidence was sufficient to satisfy an English Court, then the neutral was really bound to nothing. The belligerent could not call on him to detain a ship until the ship had completed its preparations and got to sea, as the *Alabama* did. Such cases as that of the *Alabama* must have recurred a hundred times if Lord RUSSELL had stuck to his rule. But he did not stick to it except for the purpose of arguing the one case of the *Alabama*. He adopted virtually the rule laid down by Mr. ADAMS. He detained the Birkenhead rams, and he invited Mr. ADAMS to observe that he had done so, knowing that he was running the risk of having detained them illegally. The rams were afterwards released on receiving a new and innocent destination, and Mr. ADAMS remarked that, although he was much pleased they had been detained, he should have been still more pleased if their detention had been justified as a necessary act of a foreign Power in discharge of its duty to a belligerent, instead of the whole question being got rid of in a quiet way. That the rule laid down by Mr. ADAMS ought to be the rule of international law is, we think, quite clear, for no other rule can be effectual, and the English municipal law ought to be made to conform to it, and the Government should be authorized to seize any vessel the destination of which it suspects to be illegal. It would be very easy to provide a system of compensation for cases of unnecessary and unwarranted detention, and the owner of the vessel might have means furnished him of compelling the Government, within a reasonable time, to disprove the statement of destination which he offers. There can be no hardship on shipbuilders in this. A ship is suspected and detained, the owner is called on to state its destination, and the Government has then either to take proper measures for refuting his statement or to release the vessel. If the shipowner's statement is ultimately confirmed, he ought to be compensated, and, if it is disproved, he ought to be punished. Society ought to be taught by the law to regard with the gravest displeasure persons who, to make profits as shipbuilders, run the risk of plunging their country into war. The builders of *Alabamas* ought to be regarded as enemies of their country. It would be very harsh so to regard those who have hitherto built such vessels, for the whole subject is new, and we are only just beginning to understand it. But, for the future, the construction of such ships ought to be in every way discouraged, and visited with social and legal penalties sufficient to prevent it.

#### ENGLISH ULTRA-LIBERALISM.

THERE is no device more hackneyed than the suggestion of an invidious contrast. When the ambitious wife wishes to nag her husband for imputed stinginess, there is no more cunning weapon of feminine assault than the apt citation of some other wife's finery and some other husband's generosity. "Look at Mr. B.; see what he allows his wife for her clothes!" "See how good Mr. C. is to his wife! he does not grudge her a brougham." All the time, too, it may be that virtually poor Mr. A. is just as generous as Mr. B. and Mr. C., and that all this nagging in italics is wholly unmerited on his part. But it tells for the moment. It may not indeed have the effect of further stretching Mr. A.'s purse, for probably it is stretched to its utmost extent already. But it has the excellent effect of finding a vent for Mrs. A.'s temper. She delights to torture her own mind with the painful contemplation of Mrs. B.'s or Mrs. C.'s superior luxuries, in order to torture her husband's mind by her allusion to the superior liberality of Mr. B. or Mr. C.

Our Liberal journalists have something of the temper of this model shrew. Nothing comes so much to their taste as an occasion for bepraising some foreign Government; and the occasion of their praise is generally as queerly timed as its intensity is extravagant. They will seize some isolated fact, dress it up in all the fancy costume that their imagination can suggest, and flaunt it in our faces with exultant malignity. They are never so lavish of their laudation as when they can assail the policy of their own Government, or the institutions of their own country, by innuendo. Of course the point of invidious comparison is a matter of indifference. But they feel themselves most relieved when they have parenthetically poured out their gall on the shortcomings of English liberty. If they can only get something—no matter what—which seems to show that Mexican law is rather better than English law, or Spanish freedom of trade really a more substantial article than its English synonym, or Austrian Constitutionalism more defined and practical than that of England, they are happy. Not that any one of them has the remotest idea of going to put himself under the protection of Mexican law, or setting up a shop in Madrid, or writing leading articles at Vienna, any more than Mrs. A. has of eloping with Mr. B. or Mr. C., or of exchanging the privilege of complaint for its justification. It only serves as a vent-piece for a little petulance at the course of English politics, or the state of English parties. The latest instance of this temper is the expression of joy by the ultra-Liberal journals at what they are pleased to call the recent concessions of the French EMPEROR. We have elsewhere expressed our opinion of the real value of these concessions. The right to ask two or four Committees in succession to be allowed the privilege of putting questions to Ministers, which Ministers may then refuse to answer, does not exactly seem to be the sort of thing which justifies ecstasies in a country where for a hundred and sixty years Parliament has exercised the most unbounded right of putting such questions. Nor to men of ordinary understanding does it seem such a very fine thing that, instead of being warned before being punished, an inculpated journalist should at once be sent for trial, not before a jury, but before a judge who lives and moves and has his being solely through the great Head of the State. We are not now discussing the abstract virtue or the concrete advantages of the Imperial Proclamation. This is beside our present question. The object of wonder and remark is that, worthless and ridiculous as the boon conceded is, when measured by the standard of rights which have been so long enjoyed by us as to have lost the name of privileges, it forms the theme of admiring panegyric to writers who can never find words enough for the depreciation of the ordinary liberties of Englishmen. To take a single instance, the *Daily Telegraph* speaks of the changes which it records as "including a large proportion of those reforms for which Liberal politicians in France have during the last few years struggled; which men of culture and public spirit have agitated, and in too many instances suffered for." What would the *Telegraph* have to say if a popular statesman were to bring forward a Reform Bill which disfranchised Totnes and Calne, and admitted altogether, say, 50,000 new freemen in different boroughs to the franchise? Would it describe the project as "fitted not only to gratify the ardent wishes of all that is enlightened in England, but to afford satisfaction to every admirer of free institutions in Europe"? And in what tones would Jupiter Junior denounce the old fogies who, in such a case, urged that it was "unfair to criticize such concessions in a narrow and cap-



"tious disposition"? Yet such a project would be ultra-liberal by the side of an innovation which, according to the *Telegraph*, ought to gladden the hearts of all true lovers of liberty, and, according to the *Star*, is a step considerably in advance. It would be rank Radicalism by the side of a scheme for submitting an accused journal to the judgment of a Court unaided by a jury, and dependent on the Sovereign; a scheme which the *Star* actually thinks it "a mistake" on the part of Liberal French politicians to disparage or denounce.

There is something in this caricature of impartiality which deserves attention, even if it defies explanation. Why should every social or civil custom in England be derided or condemned, while the most distant and halting approach to it in France is greeted with acclamations by our Radical writers? It is impossible to take up one of the two papers we have cited without stumbling on an article, the gist of which is to prove that the bulk of the English people are slaves of the lowest type, paying taxes without having representation, obeying laws which they have no voice in making, and governed by customs which they have not the power to overthrow. According to Mr. BRIGHT, they are as badly off as Russian serfs, and worse off than American negroes; and the *Star* re-echoes its master's notes. Such declamation provokes curiosity. It would be worth while for the subjects of some Continental Power to make a tour in England for the purpose of inspecting our serfs—the serfs over whom are whined the Jeremiahs of Mr. BRIGHT and the *Star*. It may be, and is, very desirable that a larger number of Englishmen should share in the governing power of the country; but it is at least certain that the intelligent foreigner who was attracted hither by Mr. BRIGHT's plaintive refrain would find our serfs enjoying as much liberty as he would probably think good for them, and a good deal more than he habitually enjoys himself. If he selected a fine July evening for his excursion in the metropolis, he would come in contact with a whole host of serfs marching in dense array through the principal streets of London, driving carriages and pedestrians equally into by-lanes, then branching off into different divisions, which severally took possession of the roofs of houses and looked calmly down while the main body stormed the Park, stoned the police, and remained masters of the situation. If, again, he preferred cold weather for the period of his contemplations, he might take a hard bitter frosty day in winter and wander to another Park, where he might see serfs of the same family celebrating another saturnalia, sweeping in serried rank athwart the ice with tightened rope all who came in their way, in open derision of two helpless policemen and three impotent park-keepers. Other serfs he might also see enjoying the rare and rapturous oasis of a normal slavery by angrily resenting the mild expostulation of an unarmed policeman, who vainly dissuaded them from rashly perilling their precious lives. Other slaves he might see, as on last Tuesday night, skating in the London streets without let or hindrance, to the great danger of all pedestrians, male or female, who in vain looked for protection. Or, if he preferred straying to the land of slavery—the soil and birthplace of ancestral bondage—he might refresh his vision with the servile humours of an Irish election. There he might see the slaves of hereditary oppression banded to impede their fellow-slaves in simulating the exercise of freemen's rights, and to pelt a passive soldiery with paving-stones. Of all these little playful recreations our ultra-Liberal press speaks and thinks quite complacently; and any interference with them is resented as an outrage on liberty. Tell it that there is not a capital on the Continent of Europe where these amusements would not have been summarily suppressed at the cost, perhaps, of a dozen lives, and nothing more would have been said about it, the reply is, What of that, so long as these sportive helots have not the franchise? If we venture to urge that a great many of the people do not even claim to exercise the suffrage for which they are statutorily qualified, we are told that we are mocking them. If we venture to say that certain of this class who have the franchise regard it rather as a pecuniary perquisite than a civic privilege, we are told that we are calumniators. If we defend our assertions by reference to the reports of half a dozen Royal Commissions and two dozen Parliamentary Committees, we are answered that the narrowness of the franchise makes voters corrupt. If we question the policy of enabling men chosen in the main, not even by skilled artisans, but by a poorer and less intelligent class, to impose and to appropriate the taxes mainly paid by the wealthier classes, we are informed that the poorer classes really build up the wealth of the nation. If we suggest that so strong is the influence of public opinion, and so closely

knit are the interests of us all, that a Parliament elected by the different sections of the middle class, and a reasonably large proportion of the working class, would sufficiently represent the sentiments and intelligence of England, we are assured that there is an inherent right in every adult man, whether he pays rates and taxes or not, whether he has a grain of knowledge or not, to have a voice in choosing the men who are to make the laws and impose the taxes of the country. If we point to the fruits of our existing Parliamentary institutions, imperfect as they confessedly are, we are met by the cool assertion that the aforesaid "slaves" forced their wishes upon reluctant and adverse Parliaments, and carried a Free Trade of which even to this day many of them are the undisguised foes. It would seem as if the real cause of this bitterness lay in some innate antipathy of demagogues to the constitutional forms of Parliamentary Government. Mr. CORDEN showed something of this feeling when he publicly eulogized the modern CÆSAR and his system of government. Mr. BRIGHT shows it when he enjoins the menacing demonstrations of Trades' Unions, and applauds the reckless violence of American Republicanism, even when it is bent on substituting martial law for constitutional procedure.

The latest illustration of the soured candour which disparages one's own country has cropped up in pages where it was least expected. Some of our papers had been condemning, and justly condemning, the horrible brutalities of vivisection as ordinarily practised in the veterinary schools of France. An evening contemporary published a reply to these criticisms apparently by a Frenchman. The point of this production is that no Englishmen have any right to criticize the habitual cruelty of French anatomists, because some Englishmen are charged with having committed greater barbarities on Jamaica negroes. And then the writer winds up with a statement about French officers which shows that he has forgotten all about Algeria, and knows nothing whatever about the French West Indies. To this stupid *tu quoque* our contemporary has gravely prefixed the heading of "An Awkward Ripost," a title which reappears, with the letter, and all the honours of type, in the ultra-democratic columns of the *Morning Star*.

#### RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

THE extraordinary conflict of opinion among intelligent persons as to the principles of Private-Bill legislation proves at least that the question is not as simple as it appears to careless observers. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, who evidently possesses considerable knowledge of the subject, finally arrives at the conclusion that railways ought to be authorized whenever projectors and landowners can agree on the construction of a line. Between this unlimited license and Lord REDESDALE's practical prohibition of all new railways there is abundant room for intermediate theories. As the *Edinburgh Reviewer* justly holds that every new scheme should be considered on its own merits, it is surprising that he should finally propose not to consider the merits at all. Little weight is due to the plausible argument that the parties concerned must be the best judges of their own interests. When a new and outlying district has to be supplied with railway communication, and when there is only one Company in the field, Committees act on the Reviewer's principle; or rather, as a general rule, the Bill is from the beginning unopposed. In spite of Lord REDESDALE's maternal anxiety for the safety of imprudent capitalists, Parliament has hitherto allowed contractors to benefit landowners at their own exclusive risk. But the question becomes complicated when there are two competing sets of promoters, supported respectively by two bodies of proprietors in parallel valleys. If two towns of secondary importance are to be connected by a railway through an agricultural district, the readiness of capitalists to provide the money may generally be accepted as a proof that the work will be useful, and that it will produce a reasonable return; but there are almost always differences of opinion and conflicts of interest as to the most desirable scheme. According to the Reviewer's doctrine, the competition of two or three Companies would show that two or three lines were required. The Great Northern and Direct Northern schemes were, for a considerable part of their course, substantially identical; but if both had been authorized, it is highly probable that neither would have been made. Four lines were projected to Brighton, and it was only after inquiry that Parliament selected the shortest and best. At that time, indeed, there could be little chance of the unanimous assent of landowners to any

considerable railway scheme; but the experience of twenty years has taught the most obstinate of squires to appreciate the boon of a line through his property. The two largest projects of the last Session, covering about 140 miles in different parts of England, were absolutely unopposed by landowners. In both cases it was urged by hostile Railway Companies, without success, that competition was unnecessary. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* would have excluded the petitioners from a hearing, but he could scarcely apply the same rule to two rival projects. His proposed system is, in fact, unnecessary in the only cases to which it is applicable; and if it were adopted as a general rule, the confiscation of property which it would involve would often be attended with grave public inconvenience. It may be doubted whether the impossible conditions which Lord REDESDALE wishes to impose on enterprise would be more effective than the Reviewer's opposite proposal in putting a stop to railway extension.

The poorer and remoter parts of the kingdom have derived enormous advantages from the opportunity which they offered to contractors for the employment of their capital and skill; but if either Lord REDESDALE or the *Edinburgh Reviewer* had controlled the policy of Parliament, Wales and Cornwall would still present on Bradshaw's map an almost total blank. Projectors would never have resorted to less remunerative districts if they had been allowed to select at their pleasure the great arteries of traffic; for it would be far more profitable to make an additional and unnecessary line between two great manufacturing towns than to traverse distant valleys in the hope of hereafter creating a traffic. While Lord REDESDALE would arbitrarily prohibit all new railways alike, his adversary would ensure the construction exclusively of those which are little or not at all wanted. There are now three railways from London to Birmingham, and three from London to Manchester. It is not self-evident that a fourth line is urgently necessary to either place, but if a case for additional accommodation should be established, it would be fairly considered by a Parliamentary Committee. As a railway can only occupy a certain route between two terminal points, a vast majority of the intermediate landowners must be excluded from the advantage of immediate proximity to the line. Either to the east or to the west of the present system, direct access to two great cities would be eagerly welcomed, and the contractor who offered under the proposed system to gratify the natural desire of the landowners would be subject to none of the uncertainty which embarrasses more original enterprises. While he formed a conjectural estimate of the local business which he might accommodate, he might ascertain with perfect accuracy the amount of the through traffic, and his own contingent share of the profits. The owner of a new line between two terminal points can, as soon as his works are completed, at once compel a division of the traffic. If he is second in the competition, he will probably secure half; if he is fourth, he will be entitled to a quarter. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* says that the Company which is first in the field has the advantage of taking the best line, or at least that it has the opportunity of choice; but notwithstanding the drawbacks of longer mileage, heavier gradients, and less convenient stations, the new comer, by the implied menace of a reduction of fares, always forces himself into partnership or partition. It is obvious that, if the public wants are already fully supplied, the entire outlay on the new line is wasted, although it may perhaps be remunerative to the owner. When competition is carried beyond a certain point, the mischief is not confined to an unnecessary outlay. It might well happen that, after constructing an inferior line for the purpose of sharing the traffic between two places, the new Company might agree to use the older and better line for all important trains. As the rivals have a common purse, their interest becomes the same, and neither has any object in adopting a circuitous route or in climbing unnecessary hills. As no general rule can be framed to determine how many lines are wanted between two common points, a judicial inquiry, as it is at present practised, is indispensable to protect public and private interests. In general, it may be presumed that lines through untouched districts are more urgently required than new forms of competition.

Notwithstanding the readiness of many theorists to assail the security of all joint-stock property, it is not a trifling evil to expose railway proprietors to universal uncertainty and frequent ruin. The predatory policy of the *Edinburgh Reviewer* would perhaps ultimately defeat itself, from the impossibility of inducing capitalists to engage in enterprises which are subject to wanton and extraordinary risks. Shareholders

know that they are exposed to the contingency of competition when it is conducive to the public interest; but they have invested some hundreds of millions on the faith of a legislative system which protects them against the uncontrolled assaults of voluntary speculators. A new line which was lately sanctioned from London to Brighton has depreciated by a large percentage the property of the existing Company; but, as the case was fully heard in both Houses of Parliament, the shareholders can only complain of a decision which they probably think erroneous. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* would authorize any contractor to inflict at his pleasure a similar penalty on any prosperous Company in the kingdom. In proportion to the efficiency of the existing service would be the abundance of the traffic, and the consequent temptation to the interloper. A sanguine projector might also foresee that so absurd a rule could not be maintained, and that, after instituting a vexatious competition, he would finally become a partner in a monopoly.

The popular complaints of the uncertainty of railway property often proceed from the same theorists who are ready to abolish the partial security which the Companies at present enjoy. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* is not guilty of this form of inconsistency, but he fails to apprehend the tendency of his own proposals. The levity with which joint-stock property is condemned to confiscation is strikingly illustrated by the attack on the metropolitan Gas Companies. One result of the agitation is that the shares of Continental Gas Companies are more valuable than those of English undertakings by thirty or forty per cent. in proportion to the dividend. Mere uncertainty whether the conditions of a recent Act are to be violated by Parliament has for the present annihilated 2,000,000*l.*, invested in a form which had been thought exceptionally safe. If the fears indicated by the depreciation are realized, the whole remaining capital may perhaps be destroyed. Railway shareholders watch with anxiety the smouldering of the fire next door. The application of similar principles to other kinds of property which depend on Parliamentary bargains or understandings would produce a far larger amount of injustice than Mr. BRIGHT's plan for the expropriation of Irish landlords.

#### THE SHIPWRIGHTS AND METROPOLITAN DISTRESS.

A VARIETY of causes have combined to give the January of 1867 an almost unexampled prominence in the history of London destitution. The frost alone would have thrown vast numbers out of work for the time, and, unhappily, to a large proportion of the poor a very short period of compulsory idleness is equivalent to imminent starvation. The commercial panic of 1866, with all its attendant evils, has added many to the ranks of the unemployed who would not have been directly affected by the chances of the weather. The effects of last summer's cholera are still painfully visible in the broken health of many of the survivors, in the reduction to absolute pauperism of widows and orphans, and in an immensely increased poor-rate. Any one of these causes would have made this an unusually hard winter, but now all have come together, and we see the consequence in the terrible accounts which the *Times* daily brings before us of the condition of the East of London. The immediate lesson to be drawn from such a state of things as this is, fortunately, not far to seek. In the presence of starvation and death there is little time for anything but the roughest and the readiest expedients which those best acquainted with the destitute districts are able to suggest. For the moment the golden rule is to give as much as we can, and to give it as quickly as we can. From whatever source the need has arisen, there is no question at all as to its existence; and the duties which grow out of this fact are, happily, not qualified by any considerations connected with the origin of the distress. But it may nevertheless be expedient to make one or two other reflections which are as intimately, though not as pressingly, bound up with the main subject as the necessity of prompt action. If people's memories could always be trusted, we should not be reduced thus to mix up questions which might better be treated separately. In that case it would be sufficient to give now, and to inquire afterwards; to attend to our practice to-day, and to reconstruct our theories to-morrow. But the only chance of gaining a hearing on matters of this kind is to speak of them when the attention of the reader is drawn to them, whether he will or not. In a greater or less degree, the phenomena of January, 1867, have recurred winter after winter, for more years than it is pleasant to recall. They are more conspicuous this year than they have com-



monly been, but the difference is only one of degree. And yet, whenever they have happened, they have invariably taken us by surprise. We have had no lack of data from which to predict their continual recurrence, but we have preferred to shut our eyes to the future, even when it is only a few months removed, and to remain economical fatalists. Sceptical as the age may be, it is apparently quite willing to recognise a supernatural element in poverty, and to regard death by hunger as the direct visitation of God. If, therefore, we are to derive any instruction from the present, it will not do to wait until it has become the past. Few people will be at the trouble of reasoning on the causes of destitution except at the moment when they are brought face to face with the effects of it.

There is one fact which claims notice in connexion with this subject, not so much, it may be hoped, from its immediate influence on the existing state of things, as from the unpleasant light which it casts upon the general position of the working-classes. Our readers will have noticed that the "Shipwrights of the Port of London" have chosen rather to decline work altogether than to take it at a reduced rate of wages. The case as put by Mr. FORD, the Managing Director of the Thames Ironworks Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Docks Company, amounts to this. The Company has suffered, in common with other employers, from the prevailing slackness of trade, but it has hitherto been able to keep 2,000 men at work, though even this is considerably less than half the number usually engaged. The approaching completion of several large contracts will necessitate the discharge of some hundreds of these hands; and, under these circumstances, the Directors have been in treaty for the construction of certain foreign steamers. The price at which this order can be obtained makes it impossible to execute it at the present cost of labour except at a positive loss; and the Directors have accordingly proposed to keep on their men for this especial job at the rate of 6s. 6d. per day, instead of 7s. This offer the shipwrights have refused, and the contracts will in consequence have to be given up. Such, we say, is the case as stated by the masters to the public, and, we presume, as laid by them before the men; and the first point to be noticed is that the men's answer does not raise any question as to the truth of the alleged facts. It has not, so far as we know, been denied that the Company could not accept the contracts in question without loss, if they had to pay the shipwrights 7s. a day. The latter carefully limit themselves in their reply to a statement that their present wages are not in excess of their requirements. They say, in fact, that their expenses have been calculated on the higher scale, and that they cannot lower that scale without doing injustice to themselves and their families. They claim, that is to say, a species of miraculous immunity from the general depression by which all around them are affected. They adopt the public, as opposed to the private, method of striking a balance-sheet; they draw out their estimates first, and then consider the ways and means of providing for them.

The peculiar circumstances under which this refusal has been made invest it with unusual importance. In most similar cases, the workmen concerned have only to consider the interests of their own trade, and, so long as they do not attempt to control the conduct of those of their body who think differently, they have a right to their own opinion, even though it may be materially erroneous. But in the present instance there are moral considerations involved, the weight of which it requires no special professional knowledge to estimate. We will assume that the men who have thus declined 6s. 6d. a day are certain of being able to maintain themselves during the period of their voluntary inactivity, either from their own past earnings or, more probably, from the reserve fund of the Trade Union of which they are members. It is inconceivable that they should nourish any idea of assistance from an almost exhausted poor-rate, or from the uncertain and intermittent stream of private charity. Both these sources of support are already taxed far beyond their strength, to supply the urgent wants of men with whom idleness is a matter of imperious necessity, not of politic calculation or trade usage; and for any man to come upon these funds, so long as he could maintain himself and his family by taking work at a reduced rate of payment, would argue a want of self-respect, and a wilful preference of the supposed interests of his particular employment over the obvious needs of his class at large, which we should be sorry to attribute to any English workman. But even after we have given the shipwrights full credit on this score, there are still grounds enough in existence on which to found a judgment against them. In the first place, their act tends

directly to divert the funds on which they must depend for subsistence from other and more legitimate uses. We have seen that this very Company which was willing to pay 6s. 6d. a day is only able to find work, even at that reduced figure, for less than half its usual workmen. By this reckoning we have upwards of 2,000 unemployed hands to be maintained whose need is in no way whatever of their own creating. It is these latter who have, morally speaking, a paramount claim upon the resources of the Trade Societies, and every additional burden cast upon these organizations must inevitably subject their reserved store to present stress and speedy exhaustion. The direct consequence, therefore, of this step taken by the shipwrights is to diminish the fund which supports those of their fellows who are unable to get work simply because there is none to be had. Nor does it diminish this fund only by exposing it to a more rapid drain. The capital of a Trade Society is exclusively maintained by the contributions of those of its members who are at work; and every additional man who ceases to be in the receipt of wages counts for so much a week less on the credit side of the account, as well as for so much a week more on the debit side. And besides this, no man probably is allowed to draw, except for a very short period, anything like the sum which he can make while fully employed. At an ordinary time this fact is only important to himself and his family, but at an exceptional time like the present it concerns others as well. A suddenly contracted expenditure on the part of the workmen in the East of London means suddenly contracted receipts on the part of the struggling and probably hard-pressed tradesmen from whom he buys the necessary articles of food and clothing. It is a pity that the writers of the letter to Mr. FORD had not called this fact to mind before they spoke of "doing injustice to all those with whom they have dealings," by accepting a reduction of 6d. a day. If they had done so, it might have struck them that, so far as their tradesmen were concerned, it would be a worse injustice still to accept the yet greater reduction which will be necessitated by the substitution of the Trade Union for the Company as their weekly paymaster. Nor must it be forgotten that the shipwrights stand to a large body of labourers somewhat in the relation in which the electors in each constituency stand to the non-electors. The latter are held in theory to be represented, sufficiently for the purposes of the Constitution, in the persons of those who have votes; and in like manner the skilled workmen who are represented in each Trade Union are bound to take some thought for that dumb mass of unskilled labour which practically lies at their mercy, and suffers from their acts. For the last two months, we are told, at least 20,000 dock labourers have not earned a shilling. In a class which even in prosperous times finds it hard enough to live, we can easily understand what a fact like this amounts to; and yet, in the face of circumstances such as these, the London shipwrights, taking advantage of their exceptional position as the keystone of the whole circle of shipbuilding labour, have deliberately called off their men, and thereby reduced some additional hundreds or thousands to the same pitch of destitution. There is but one possible answer to these charges. It must be shown, if the workmen wish to justify themselves in any even the smallest degree, that the case which Mr. FORD has put is absolutely false; that the foreign contracts, even at the old scale of wages, would have yielded a fair profit to the Company; and that the proposition of the Directors, instead of being designed for the benefit of their hands, was intended to entrap them by the prospect of immediate destitution into selling their labour for less than its fair value in the open market. If the shipwrights can establish such a position as this, they will have a right to have the case reheard. If they cannot, the mere statement of what they have done must carry their condemnation with it.

#### THE CAT.

EVERYBODY is aware of the mysterious part which that remarkable animal the cat plays in the English lodging at the seaside. Professor Owen and Bishop Colenso sadly puzzled the religious public a year or two ago by finding out, through a combined theological and physical research, that the hare did not chew the cud. If the religious world had been acute, it would have come to the rescue of the disparaged hare of Scripture by producing promptly the example of the Brighton cat. We all know that if the Brighton cat does not chew the cud, it is about the only thing she does not chew. She eats cold beef, and potted meat, and cold grouse, and fish, and drinks pale brandy with the rapidity and ease of a Zouave, only pausing in her intervals of leisure to abstract a lace handkerchief, or to break a china vase. So expensive a domestic institution, like all other time-honoured institutions, the British Constitution not excepted, has its drawbacks. At

times, in a moment of restless and unthankful irritation, some of us have felt tempted to think harshly of the cat, and to wish that her powers of digestion and demolition were either less sustained, or, at all events, less versatile. And yet a sober consideration of the subject ought to teach us to regard her as a real blessing. The Egyptians, as Herodotus hints, used to look on their cats as a natural object of veneration. The Egyptians were not perhaps unwise. It is a great thing in domestic life, when anything goes wrong, to be able to lay the blame somewhere; and if blame is to be laid anywhere, nobody can estimate the comfort of having a sort of standing scapegoat who can carry away into the wilderness every morning the sins of butlers, nursemaids, and of cooks. The cat never resents the use made of her, and serves the purpose of a safety-valve. And it is the merit of a free and constitutional country like England, that if the machinery of Government gets out of order, nobody in particular is blamed for it. If an accident happens on a railway, if a colliery blows up, if the ice in a pleasure-garden gives way under the pressure of a crowd, no injustice is done to innocent individuals. There is a sort of permanent imaginary cat, whom no one knows much about, who has evidently done it all, and, after lavishing an anathema or two upon her, we all go about our business the next day, perfectly satisfied that nobody in particular, except the cat, is to be punished. The French at the present moment, who are a little dissatisfied with the course of European events, are beginning to understand that it is one of the disadvantages of a paternal régime that there is no French cat. Despotism has no niche in which to put her. The most loyal subject cannot delude himself with the idea that the cat is at the bottom of the failure of the Mexican expedition, or that it was the cat who made so serious a mistake about Prussia and the German war. An absolute Government is incompatible with the institution of the cat. If a battle is lost or a negotiation misconducted, there are very few victims who can be made to take the responsibility. We manage matters better on this side of the Channel. When the charge of Balaklava proved to have been a splendid and costly mistake, a Frenchman would have said that either the Commander-in-Chief or else Lord Lucan or Lord Cardigan was in fault, and thus have done cruel injustice to the reputation of three admirable noblemen of rank and position. The English public, which was sharp-sighted enough to understand that "somebody" had "blundered," with far more sense and *savoir vivre* was satisfied to know that it was not Lord Lucan or Lord Cardigan, but the cat. We all feel the relief of believing that it is the same important being who is at the bottom of the Admiralty waste and the Admiralty budgets, the Horse Guards nepotism and routine, and of all parish work-houses and vestries. Nobody doubts now, though a few intemperate critics thought differently at first, that it was the cat that did not clear away the snow which for days encumbered the streets of the metropolis. It was the cat that killed Mr. Snider. It was the cat that made all the mess in Jamaica. It was equally the cat that let the *Alabama* go, even if Mr. Laird built it. Mr. Disraeli once called Lord John a precious possession of the House of Commons. Following for a moment the expression, we may say that the cat is a precious possession of the British Empire. If ever the day comes when an attempt is made to banish her, heart-burnings and civil animosities will soon begin, and there will be an end to all chance of a quiet and comfortable life.

The passion for throwing blame on some one seems to have been implanted in man by a wise Providence, with the object of cheering him and supporting him under disappointment. When anything happens to mar our plans or fortunes, it is a relief to be able to assure our friends and neighbours that we are not the authors of our own failures. There is a little difficulty about fixing on a real culprit, whose shoulders will bear all that is laid upon them; and the disadvantages of pitching on somebody in particular are so obvious that we naturally take refuge in the abuse of somebody in general. Every rank and class in life has its cat ready upon an emergency, though it calls its cat by its own favourite name. The British farmer's cat, for a very long time, used to be Free Trade. A bad harvest, or the rot in his sheep, or a blight among his apples, all, sooner or later, came in his mind to be associated with this one source of all evil. But the British farmer is only a type of every other profession in the world; and in his own way is just as philosophical and logical as the rest of us. We all keep a *bête noire*, who plays the useful part in our affairs that Free Trade does in his. We choose it upon purely abstract grounds, and, as soon as we have chosen it, we put down every conceivable accident to its account. The Pope, for example, is the cat of the Evangelical world and of Exeter Hall. Whenever a well-meaning missionary abroad finds unusual difficulty in grappling with a Berlin Jew or Hong Kong street boy, he knows that he will meet with general sympathy if he sits down and writes home to the Parent Society to say that he still finds the Pope and the Jesuits sadly in his way. His friends and correspondents understand his meaning perfectly. All that he intends to intimate is that things are not advancing as satisfactorily as they might do, and that the Pope, who is the root of all evil, ought to bear, as usual, the blame. Young and energetic country rectors, who like to have their parish as trim and as tidy as a garden, talk vaguely of Dissent just as Exeter Hall does of the Pope. They have a sort of notion that everything, from low fever in the village to a run upon the village alehouse, may be directly or indirectly connected with it. Dissent is the personification of all that defies their authority and sets at naught their efforts. People who take an interest in public business

and the concerns of State are quite as vague in their distribution of censure. Unless they are very rabid partisans, they do not like to go on making a common vouchee of Lord Derby or of Mr. Bright, and to repeat incessantly, with the *Daily Telegraph*, that everything is the handiwork of those wicked Tories; or, with the *Standard*, that all the ills to which flesh is heir proceed from the Radicals and the Manchester school. Ordinary spectators have neither time nor opportunity for finding out the exact stalking-horse who ought to carry the burden of reproaches. If they pitch upon an individual, the chances are ten to one that they would pitch upon the wrong one. In the Crimean war, public opinion endeavoured vainly to trace the shortcomings, which were obvious in our conduct of the expedition, to some certain fountain-head. The only clear result was, that a certain amount of rough injustice was done to several worthy creatures by turns, who were none of them geniuses, but none of whom were really responsible for more than a limited share of the calamity. Hitting wildly at individuals under such circumstances does very little good. The faintest touch of exaggeration inevitably produces a reaction in their favour. Somebody gets up and shows to demonstration that the culprit is a person of eminent virtues, who has always worked at his duty like a horse, who was popular at school and college, who walked round the Gulf of Carpentaria in Heaven only knows how many hours, and who was appointed by the Government of the day, upon the purest grounds, in consequence of overwhelming testimonials to his character and talents. After an experience or two of this sort the zealous Reformer begins to find that he has had enough of tilting at respectable functionaries. He finds that every mistake on his part ends by giving a new lease of vitality to the state of things of which he disapproves. In future, like all the rest of the world, he takes it for granted that it is what is called "the system" that has done it all. The "system" henceforward becomes his cat. Systems have no personal friends and no testimonials to character, and can safely be impeached.

This sort of general criticism is universally admitted to be in better taste and feeling than the other. Nobody can take up the cause of an abuse in the abstract, and espouse it as a personal grievance to himself. If Mr. Eyre, for instance, were a system, and not a man, there would be no Eyre Defence Fund, and no Jamaica Prosecution Fund, and every one would agree with the Royal Commissioners in deploring the excesses committed in the island, and the unhappy condition of the negroes. The difficulty is, in a constitutional and conservative nation, to make any impression at all by such a mild style of warfare. A system is like a dead wall, as Admiralty Reformers, and Horse Guards Reformers, and every other sort of Reformer long since have discovered. You run your head against it once or twice, and when you are tired, if you are a wise man, you leave off. If you are not a wise man, you go on running your head against it till the public begin laughing, and talk of you as a well-meaning person with a hobby. It may be said to be a great constitutional maxim that the cat never goes in for reforms. In order to produce an alteration in an abuse, it is not much good to treat it generally as the fault of a person or persons unknown. Such tactics have one advantage—they make few enemies. It is not worth any one's while to resent a blow which is aimed at nothing in particular but an abstract principle. If the cat never reforms, upon the other hand the cat has no friends; and one may chaut her demerits as loudly as one pleases, particularly if one does not mind putting up with a limited audience. As far as personal convenience is concerned, it is far more pleasant to be engaged in this gentlemanly line of controversy than to be a wasp, and to buzz about, stinging people who have all of them relations. Less injustice is done, fewer needless wounds are given; and if ever the enthusiast gains a battle over the cat, it is sure to be a bloodless one. It is, on the other hand, next door to impossible to preach a crusade against individuals without committing some injustice; and it is at the price of making them victims that successful reforms are usually bought. Take, for the sake of illustration, the case of a defeated general. It is impossible for the world ever to be sure whether the defeat is purely attributable to his own mistakes. A regiment, at a critical moment, may have wavered; the artillery practice from some important position may have flagged for one irreparable quarter of an hour; the train may have broken down containing the provisions for the breakfasts of his reserve; or, lastly, the smoke may have blown in his army's eyes, as it did in the eyes of Benedek's army at Sadowa, and prevented them from taking aim. Most battles are said to be a series of military blunders committed by the leaders on both sides, with this distinction, that the general who blunders worst about twelve o'clock loses, as a rule, the day. Whether this is so or not, it is evident that, in dealing with generals, an Executive can only afford to deal out rough justice. If they win, they receive the thanks of Parliament; but if they fail, they are suspended and disgraced. But the country, which is not compelled to act on the very spur of the moment, does not care to deal so roughly and hastily with the case. The statesman who, after a strategic disaster, should deliver an invective on the incapacity of the general, as being the cause of all, would do no good at all. When the battle of Sadowa was lost, the Austrian Empire had no time to lose, and at once removed General Benedek. Some acrimonious feeling was subsequently displayed in recriminations between Benedek and Clam-Gallas, but when peace was restored they were laid aside in deference to a general opinion that the fault lay neither with Benedek nor with Clam-Gallas, but with the cat.



Which end of social, moral, or political Reform enthusiasts who handle the rope at all will take up with most avidity is a question of temperament, and perhaps accident as well. One thing is clear, that sooner or later the cat, both in private life and in public, has to go. When her sins become too many, there is an end of her altogether. Some day or other, when the world has been set to rights entirely by Mr. Beales, England will have no cat. Nothing will be ever broken, and nothing ever lost. Until this bright day arrives, it is a consolation to think that the defects of our "system" have been a saving of personal discomfort. The "system" stands, as a rule, between many a deserving young fellow and public odium, and acts as a buffer against public indignation. Many a well-meaning nobleman and gentleman, from Royal Dukes down to Sir John Thwaites, ought to thank Heaven that there is such an institution as the cat still left, and to hope it may long be preserved to us.

#### ENGLISH SISTERHOODS.

THE Rev. Mr. Niven, Incumbent of St. Saviour's, Chelsea, has published a second edition of his letter on "Sisterhood Nurses," with "a reply to certain observations which have been made on the first edition." We have on a former occasion stated what we thought of the views put forth in the letter, and there is not much that calls for special comment in the reply. It is chiefly remarkable for that odd mixture of meekness and disingenuousness which is far too commonly to be found among disputants of Mr. Niven's school, and which does more harm to the cause of true religion than all the attacks of scepticism. Nothing could be more courteous and temperate than its tone; it is a model of the "soft answer which turneth away wrath." Mr. Niven will "not notice the personal attacks which have been made upon him"; he has never himself "fought with such weapons," and he "desires to cherish towards his opponents no feelings but those of kindness and goodwill." Yet somehow all this Christian meekness and charity does not prevent Mr. Niven from coolly repeating, without the slightest alteration, the grossly unfair style of controversy of which we before complained. In his letter to dissuade the Governors of St. George's Hospital from entrusting its nursing department to the Sisterhood of St. Peter's, Brompton Square, he took his principal facts and arguments from a book which, while severely censuring other sisterhoods, not only exempted St. Peter's from censure, but even singled it out for high praise. Mr. Niven made all the use he could of the censure, but said not one word about the praise. It then appeared to us just possible that a controversialist of Mr. Niven's calibre might have resorted to this device in all innocence, without seeing in it anything at all dishonest or unfair, and we gave him the benefit of the doubt. But he now, in this second edition of his letter, repeats it deliberately, and after its real character has been carefully explained to him. We have no wish to hit a man who is too good a Christian to hit us back, and who cherishes towards us "no feelings but those of kindness and goodwill." But still we cannot help asking Mr. Niven whether he considers diplomacy of this kind calculated in the long run to advance the interests of religion? It may for the moment serve his own case, since the great majority of those who read his letter will in all probability never see the replies which it has called forth. They will therefore only know that "personal abuse has been heaped upon him"; that he has been reviled and smitten for coming forward as the champion of Protestantism; and that, like a good, humble Christian, he turns the other cheek. But surely it is of some importance that religion should be presented in a favourable light to sinners outside the fold, as well as to saints within, and we fear that the former will consider that even Christian meekness does not make up for the absence of fair play. We confess that, if it is too much to expect even of a truly pious man that he should at one and the same time forgive his enemies and confess his faults, we would rather see him do the last than the first. Mr. Niven would, we are sure, adopt our view if he felt, as we do, that in this instance forgiveness without confession is far more damaging, and therefore, it would seem, less in accordance with his "feelings of kindness and goodwill," than confession, albeit without forgiveness. Inveective and satire, even in his hands, are less formidable than misrepresentation. He is really doing as much harm as a heathen at the very moment that he means to forgive as a Christian. The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

We should not, however, think it necessary to notice this persistence in misrepresentation—although it is perhaps in itself not altogether unworthy of notice as a specimen of the injury which so many religious men inflict upon religion, by making Christian meekness and charity do the work of all the other virtues—if it did not bear upon a question of more public importance than the controversial tactics of Mr. Niven. St. Peter's was praised in the book from which he got his arguments against other sisterhoods, simply because it has avoided certain practices which are common to most of them, and which, whether right or wrong, innocent or noxious, are without doubt peculiarly repugnant to the English mind. We refer more especially to such practices as the taking of vows for life; the absolute renunciation of worldly goods; the complete submission of the whole sisterhood to one confessor, possibly an obscure and foolish priest; the consequent jealousy of lay interference, and even of episcopal supervision; in short, the general tendency to the extremest and most un-

popular forms of what is called Ritualism. Now, although Mr. Niven gravely misrepresents us when he says that we "could apparently see no objection to the sisters being stimulated to their duties by the smell of incense, and the sight of a chasuble," we are ready to admit that our view on this subject differs widely from his. If it were not possible to have sisterhoods without incense and chasubles, and all the other unpopular characteristics which we have just enumerated, we confess that we would rather submit to these accompaniments—highly objectionable as most of them seem to us—than abolish sisterhoods altogether. When we come to set off the real practical good done by these societies in the relief of sickness and distress against the mischievous effects of part of their system, we find the balance decidedly in favour of the former; and we are therefore content to endure the evil rather than lose the good. When we see them going down to such semi-barbarous districts as St. George's-in-the-East or Ratcliffe Highway, to do battle, night and day, with poverty and disease in the most repulsive and dangerous forms, we are obliged to confess ourselves tempted to forget even the all-important question whether they are High Church or Low. We much doubt whether Mr. Niven himself, after spending a week among the half-naked savages of those places, would muster up courage enough to deprive them of the ministrations of a single sister, although he had just surprised her, *flagrante delicto*, with chasuble in one hand and incense in the other. We consider even these enormities preferable to the drunkenness, blasphemy, pestilence, uncleanness, and all the nameless abominations which flourish luxuriantly in the places where so much of the benevolent work of the sisterhoods is carried on. The worthy people who are said to have discouraged a missionary movement at Aldershot lest the camp-followers and prostitutes there should be made Tractarians, seem to us perhaps well-meaning, but, on the whole, mistaken. They remind us somewhat of the Scotchman who, when his fellow-traveller began to sing in order to drown a filthy conversation, rebuked him for breaking the Sabbath.

But is there no alternative between accepting sisterhoods, in consideration of the good they do, with all the abuses which Mr. Niven denounces at second-hand, and abolishing them altogether? The very sisterhood against which he was protesting might have supplied him with the answer. St. Peter's is under the direct patronage, and has the full approval, of the Bishop of the diocese—a man whom the most bigoted ultra-Protestant is not likely to accuse of extreme views. Its inmates are not compelled, nor even encouraged, to take life-long vows. They are not called on to give up their private property. It is under lay as well as clerical superintendence, and, indeed, owes its very existence to the generosity of a layman. It thus contrives to steer clear of those extreme tendencies which, whether good or bad, are, as we have said, thoroughly repugnant to the national mind; while it nevertheless does precisely the same sort of practical work, in nursing the sick and visiting the poor, that is accomplished by other sisterhoods. When the ravages of the cholera were at their height last summer, it established a mission-house in the very heart of the East, amidst the worst dens of London. This mission-house has been continued up to the present time, and during the recent frosts its doors have been daily besieged by a crowd of shivering, starving applicants, many of whom might perhaps have perished but for the timely relief which the St. Peter's sisterhood was able to afford. We are happy to hear that its sphere of usefulness is likely to be still further enlarged. There is now under discussion a scheme for carrying a branch sisterhood of St. Peter's into the parish of Mr. Fowle at Hoxton, who is already known to our readers for the prominent part which he has played in the controversy on the Conscience Clause, and whose breadth of view is a sufficient guarantee that the sisterhood will, under his care, continue to preserve its present freedom from dangerous extremes.

We consider it especially fortunate that a clergyman of Mr. Fowle's character and antecedents should propose thus formally to connect himself with the sisterhood movement, and we cannot help thinking that, even from Mr. Niven's point of view, the Low Church party would do well to follow his example. Their objection to sisterhoods seems chiefly due to their uncompromising horror of all the abominations which are briefly represented by incense and chasubles, and between which and sisterhoods they have apparently discovered a necessary association. But the association is really accidental. The English sisterhoods adopted the Romish type for the simple reason that it supplied the only model they could conveniently imitate. They are, after all, of very recent growth, and they have not yet had time to assume a form more congenial to the national character. They can never assume it so long as they are forced by ultra-Protestant bigotry into the arms of one extreme party. It appears to us obvious that the best way to discourage sisterhoods with chasubles is to encourage sisterhoods without chasubles, and we are surprised that Mr. Niven and his party do not see this. He can scarcely hope to put down sisterhoods altogether. They have taken far too firm a hold upon the country, and their number is steadily on the increase. So long as they are confined to the High Church party, any one of the daily increasing class of unemployed women who resolve to devote themselves to a religious life of good works must either relinquish her resolve, or join that party, however little she may like some of its tendencies and accessories. Did a sisterhood of another type—let us say a Low Church sisterhood—exist, she might much prefer to join it, but she has now no choice.

We are aware that Mr. Niven would say that such a woman

ought to join a Nursing Institute. He sees in these establishments the best antidote to sisterhoods. But, in the first place, when we reflect upon all the vice, wretchedness, and ignorance with which modern civilization so vainly struggles to cope, and then upon the steadily increasing number of unmarried women who are anxious to devote themselves to a life of charity and good works, it seems to us that there is more than enough room both for sisterhoods and nursing institutes. In the next place, there are many minds—we fancy, among women, the majority of minds—for which a sisterhood offers peculiar attractions not offered by an institute. The former is essentially a religious body, the latter is not; and there are many women who could not face the task of nursing the sick—one of the most trying and painful duties, if conscientiously performed, that any human being can well be called on to undertake—without the support which distinct religious professions and constant religious services can alone supply. This may or may not be a weakness of poor human nature, but still it is a fact to which it is folly to shut one's eyes; and those who consider the immense amount of really practical, useful work which sisterhoods have done, and still are doing, just where it is most wanted, will admit that, if a weakness, it is a weakness which, in its results at any rate, is not easily distinguishable from strength. Is a man to reject these valuable results merely because they do not come in precisely the shape which he would select if he could cut out human nature after his own favourite Protestant pattern? He has not even the option of rejection. Sisterhoods will probably continue to exist in spite of Mr. Niven, as the earth continued to move in spite of the Pope. It is surely wiser to endeavour to lead the essentially good spirit that animates them into broader and more national channels, where it will escape the sectarian influences that may impair its usefulness, than, like Mr. Niven, to waste time and force in a hopeless attempt to abolish it.

#### NEW LIGHTS ON FRENCH HISTORY.

THE historical geniuses of the great daily paper have kept themselves tolerably quiet since the remarkable display with which, in the course of last October, they greeted the anniversary of the great battle of the eleventh century. It is something to have kept clear of any kindred performances during the highly dangerous season between October and January. To have succeeded so far argues no small amount of discretion and self-restraint; and we must allow that a slight outbreak which seems to call for a few words is but a small matter after the great achievement of the last quarter. Perhaps the chief grotesqueness arises from the ranging side by side, in two successive leading articles, of two persons who certainly make about as incongruous a pair as could be picked out from the whole human race, but who both came, on the same day, under the lash of the *Times*, and that seemingly for the same fault of imperfectly appreciating the history of their respective countries. The two men so unequally yoked together are the Duke of Bordeaux, the Count of Chambord, Henry the Fifth, King of France and Navarre, or whatever else we are to call him, and Mr. Goldwin Smith. Now, whatever we may say of Henry the Fifth, Mr. Goldwin Smith is, of all men in the world, the one who least needs any champion to fight his battles for him. Moreover the *Times* graciously allows that he "possesses a very considerable knowledge of English history," and the differences between the *Times* and Mr. Goldwin Smith are mostly such as do not touch matters of fact. We will speak only of one fallacy in the *Times*' way of dealing with the late Regius Professor, and then go at once to the article on Henry the Fifth. Mr. Goldwin Smith looks upon Pym as a great orator, as the greatest of all recorded leaders of the House of Commons, as the peer of Mirabeau in the power of swaying a popular assembly. The *Times* doubts all this, because the extant specimens of Pym's speeches are not to the *Times*' own private liking. They are "pedantic, heavy, and tedious to a degree which would be intolerable in the less patient times in which we live." "It requires all our gratitude for the great services which he undoubtedly rendered the country to reconcile us to a perusal of such relics of him as remain."

This intensely modern way of looking at things is highly characteristic and highly amusing. Pym, speaking in the seventeenth century, to the men of the seventeenth century, committed the unpardonable error of not adapting his speeches to the taste of the *Times* in the nineteenth century. He could not have been a great orator, at any rate not an orator to be put on a level with Mirabeau, because the *Times* finds his speeches "pedantic, heavy, and tedious." The *Times* forgets that Pym spoke to his own age, and that his oratory must be judged by the taste of his own age. The *Times* is doubtless much wiser in the abstract than the members of the Long Parliament, but it is certain that the members of the Long Parliament did not look on Pym's speeches as pedantic, heavy, and tedious. But Pym had to deal with the Long Parliament and not with the *Times*; so, wise in his own generation even if foolish in the long run, he adapted himself to the taste of the Long Parliament and not to the more refined taste of the *Times*. The object of oratory, we used to be taught, is to persuade. He therefore who is most successful in persuading people by dint of his speeches is clearly the greatest orator. But, to persuade people by speaking, you must speak to them in the way which they like and appreciate. And the way which people like and appreciate is sure to be widely different in different ages and countries. To

speak to people in a way which is not to their taste or understanding is not the way to persuade them, and therefore is not good oratory. The speeches of Mirabeau would probably not have swayed the Long Parliament, and the speeches of Pym would probably not have swayed the National Assembly. But as the speeches of Pym did sway the Long Parliament, and as the speeches of Mirabeau did sway the National Assembly, Pym and Mirabeau are alike proved to be great orators. Cleon was a demagogue and Mr. Bright is a demagogue; but the oratory of Cleon is as unlike as possible to the oratory of Mr. Bright. But as both Cleon and Mr. Bright are known to have swayed large masses of men by their speeches, both Cleon and Mr. Bright must be set down as great orators. The speeches of Earl Godwine, if they had come down to us, would most likely be still less to the taste of the *Times* than the speeches of Pym. But as it is on record that Earl Godwine swayed popular assemblies by his speeches, Earl Godwine, whatever his speeches were like, is thereby proved to have been a great orator. It is not an answer to say that large masses of men may be swayed by mere clap-trap. They may be led away by false statements and ingenious fallacies, but these are not necessarily mere clap-trap. No man ever gained the sort of position which is gained by all the orators of whom we speak, from Cleon to Mr. Bright, by mere clap-trap. Of course we do not pledge ourselves to the soundness of the sentiments, to the wisdom of the advice, put forth by any of them. That is a matter altogether distinct from mere oratorical power. Indeed it is a greater effort of mere oratorical power to lead people wrong than to lead them right. Whether Pym or anybody else led his hearers right or wrong is another question. The point is that he did lead them. Pym's style of oratory was undoubtedly less jaunty than Lord Palmerston's. But if the members of the Long Parliament were more likely to be persuaded by a less jaunty style, Pym only showed his wisdom in condescending to their weakness.

But we must turn from the ex-Professor to his royal, or quasi-royal, companion in the *Times*' bad books. Let us confess that the manifesto of Henry the Fifth is not particularly wise, and that its author seems, like most other exiles, to have learned very little by his exile. Let it be that he even now fancies that France, after all the changes of the last thirty-seven years, still cannot do without him. The delusion is a pardonable one. It is easy to say "Stemmata quid faciunt?" but the lineal male descendant of the first Count of Paris may be excused for thinking that there is something in them. The customary flourish about "a thousand years," unlucky as it commonly is either in the Tuileries or in Printing-House Square, would, in the mouth of Henry the Fifth, be something more than a flourish. It is now a thousand years, and six years to spare, since his direct ancestor became, not indeed as yet King of France, but Lord of Paris. Since that time, the family were Kings off and on for 960 years, and Kings continuously for 805 years. And, unlike every other royal house, though the Crown has twice passed to rather remote collateral heirs, they have always been male heirs. Robert the Strong has always had a son of his loins to represent him, and there has never been a King of France who was not a native Frenchman. Whatever amount of divine right may accrue to an Elector of Brandenburg because a not very remote ancestor put a royal crown on his head of his own will and pleasure, a man who has such a pedigree as this may be excused if he flatters himself that there is something more divine about him than ordinary mortals can boast of.

Nevertheless the *Times* thinks—and so far we thoroughly agree with the *Times*—that, notwithstanding all the historical and sentimental attractions of the old royal house of Paris, France can perfectly well dispense at least with its elder branch. But the way in which the *Times* makes out its case is rather curious. Henry the Fifth promises the French people certain blessings, all of which the *Times* assures us and them that they already enjoy under Napoleon the Third. Among these blessings we read of "decentralization," "a power neither weak nor arbitrary, representative government in its powerful vitality, real control over the public expenditure." It is perhaps a little bold to put this forth as a description of the present political condition of France; but never mind, very likely the *Times* is right. But among the other blessings is that of "hereditary monarchy," and the way in which the *Times* tries to show that France is in the enjoyment of this blessing also is singular indeed:—

Is not every one of the blessings which Henry of Bordeaux calls down from Heaven upon the French already vouchsafed unto them? All, without exception even of the hereditary right of the Sovereign; for the present occupant of the Throne, however indebted he may profess himself to the popular suffrage for his exaltation, has taken as good care to perpetuate the succession in his House as any Hugh Capet or Panache Blanche ever did.

This is as odd an argument as we ever saw. The present occupant of the throne reigns, we are told, by hereditary right, because he has taken good care to perpetuate the succession in his house. To our minds this may prove something as to the hereditary right of Napoleon the Fourth, if there ever is a Napoleon the Fourth, but we are utterly at a loss to see what it proves as to the hereditary right of Napoleon the Third. According to the *Times*, hereditary right means, not that your father did reign before you, but that your son may perhaps reign after you. A lawyer would say that Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, much like William the Bastard, took his crown by "purchase," and not by "descent"; but, according to the *Times*, "purchase" may be at once turned into "descent" simply by entailing the estate on your son. This is good news for gentlemen who have made their fortunes, and



who wish to obtain a rank and position in proportion to their fortunes. The domain bought with the price of honest labour at the mill may now be made into an hereditary possession of its owner by a stroke of the pen. Does not the *Times* see that the tribute which the present occupant of the throne pays to hereditary right is to be found, not in his anxiety that his son should reign after him, but in his anxiety to persuade the world that his cousin did reign before him? The description of "Napoleon the Third" has become so familiar that we can quite believe there are people who really think that there once was a Napoleon the Second. The description can be justified only by that stretch of Legitimist fiction which called the restored King of France Louis the Eighteenth, just as our statute-book calls the first year of Charles the Second his twelfth year. An arithmetical juggle of this sort may be excused in the male descendant of Robert the Strong; it is simply laughable in the grandson of the town-clerk of Ajaccio. But it is not on the possibility that France may some day be ruled by Napoleon the Fourth, but on the fact that her present ruler chooses to call himself Napoleon the Third, that the *Times* would be safer in grounding its assertion that France at this moment enjoys the blessing of an hereditary monarchy.

But this is not all. How has the present ruler of France "taken as good care to perpetuate the succession in his house as any Hugh Capet or *Panache Blanche* ever did?" "*Panache Blanche*" is, we presume, high-polite for Henry the Fourth. Now these words seem to imply that Louis Napoleon has taken some special means to perpetuate the succession in his family. We really do not see what those means are. He has established, as far as he can establish it, a certain law of succession to prevail after his death; he has also, like a prudent man, married a wife and begotten a son. In this there is really nothing more than is done by most people who come into an estate by purchase. But both the Princes whom the *Times* has somewhat unluckily picked out as his parallels did something more. Hugh Capet, immediately on his own election, did something more than declare his son his successor; he caused his son to be elected and crowned King in partnership with himself. This was making matters safe indeed. But so far from Napoleon the Fourth having been crowned Emperor, Napoleon the Third has never been crowned Emperor himself. As for Henry the Fourth, he not only married a wife and begot a son, but he put away his former wife to make the process easier. Here is a fair parallel with Napoleon the First, but, unless the *Times* has information not open to the rest of the world, we cannot see the parallel with Napoleon the Third. We only get a dim suggestion of Imperial bigamy, which may some day be wrought up into the most magnificent of sensation novels.

Lastly, we come across another flourish, where the blunder might have been simply avoided by stopping short:—

He might find that if "the Pope's temporal power is necessary to his spiritual authority," France might give Italy the example of repentance and restitution, by repealing that act of robbery and sacrilege which deprived the Holy See of its dominions of Avignon and the Comtat Venaissin, dominions which belonged to the said See by French Royal donations far more authentic and capable of proof than those on which rest the Pope's titles to Rome or Romagna.

Had this sentence only stopped at the word "Venaissin," no one could have said a word against it, and we should have gone away admiring the unusual accuracy of the *Times* in knowing the difference between Avignon and the County of Venaissin. But the evil genius of the *Times* drove it on to make a longer and grander sentence, and so to betray an amount of ignorance which it might easily have kept to itself. The *Times* evidently thinks that Avignon and the Venaissin were parts of France, which the Kings of France granted to the Popes. It might be refining too far to suggest that, though Avignon and Venaissin became parts of France for the first time in 1789, yet early in the thirteenth century the Kings of France began to meddle in that part of the world, and they more than once obtained a temporary possession both of Avignon and of the Venaissin, just as in later times they more than once obtained a temporary possession of Turin, Genoa, Milan, and Naples. But it is far more likely that the *Times* did not go in for this sort of subtlety, but thought that Avignon was as naturally a French city as Orleans. We need tell no one who knows anything of history that the Popes held Avignon, not by any "French Royal donation," but by treaty (not without a consideration) with Jane, Queen of Sicily and Countess of Provence, confirmed by the Emperor Charles the Fourth as superior lord. The case of the Venaissin it would be more easy to mystify, as Gregory the Tenth did receive it, not, indeed, by a French Royal donation, but by a treaty with a French King. That is to say, the King and the Pope both claimed the territory on different pretences, and at last the King ceded his rights to the Pope. But it is a straining of language to call this a "French Royal donation," and those words apply in no sense at all to the acquisition of Avignon. But we know that it is a hard matter to get up the Ten Burgundies accurately. If Mr. Froude shrinks from the task, it is no wonder if the *Times* does also. But both Mr. Froude and the *Times*, if they cannot take the trouble to get up the subject, would be wiser not to talk about it. As for the *Times*, we suspect that there is still something further lying below the surface. The passage which we have just quoted will more than bear a construction which would imply that the Popes held, not only Avignon and the Venaissin, but Rome and Romagna, by "French Royal donation." We fear that, after all our efforts, the *Times* still needs enlightenment as to the nationality of King Pippin.

#### THE WORKING-CLASSES AND RELIGION.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Cumming has been compelled again to adjourn the millennium, we seem likely at last to arrive at that great desideratum of all philosophy—a perfect standard of morality, and unerring criterion of truth. And it is, moreover, one that enjoys over all other criteria which mankind, from Plato to Mr. Spurgeon, have hitherto striven in vain to establish, this remarkable advantage—that, although human, strictly practical, and of easy application, it serves as a touchstone by which to test the value of all truth whatsoever, whether natural or revealed. We need scarcely say that we refer to the collective opinion known to be entertained on any subject by the great mass of the working-classes. We say "known" to be entertained, for it is not always possible to discover, with a sufficient approximation to scientific certainty, what that opinion really is. But recent inquiries have at any rate brought this most important fact to light—that, whenever the working-classes as a body have an opinion, that opinion cannot but be right. And it is almost obvious that, however long it may take in certain cases to discover this infallible guide, the discovery is only a matter of time. You have only to hold a sufficient number of meetings among working-men, giving them every facility for full and free discussion, and sooner or later their view, if it happens to be such as admits of definite and coherent expression, must be brought to light. It is probably due to the comparatively recent establishment of this criterion, that hitherto it has been applied only to questions of a political and social character. Thanks to the carefully-matured and boldly outspoken opinions of working-men about Reform, we have now a pretty good notion of what constitutes a perfect polity, and we have only to wait for their advent to power to obtain the right solution of all the most pressing social problems of the day. But hitherto, by some strange oversight, no proper attempt has been made to apply the new standard to the more important consideration of religious truth, and to ascertain how far the religious institutions of the country meet with the approval of the working-classes.

We are happy to see, however, that public attention is beginning to be directed to this desirable end. About a month ago a meeting was held at Leeds to determine why the working-classes "do not in larger numbers attend places of worship;" and last Monday a far more important conference, declared on good authority to be "unique of its kind in London," took place, for the discussion of the same subject, at the London Coffee-house, Ludgate Hill. It is worthy of remark that there is not only a considerable discrepancy between the various views expressed at the two meetings, but that each meeting has a peculiar character of its own. At Leeds, for instance, some of the speakers vehemently denied that our religious institutions found less favour with the working-classes than with any other class. In London, on the other hand, the antagonism was assumed as a matter of course, and the discussion was directed to the discovery of the causes which create it. The discrepancy illustrates what we have just now said, that although the collective opinion, once ascertained, of the working-classes must inevitably be right, it is by no means always easy to ascertain it. But this difficulty only proves the necessity of bringing constantly before them for discussion the truths which it is required that they should test, and gradually endeavouring to strike an average among their conflicting views. We are very sorry to be obliged to say that, at both meetings, the result was on the whole unfavourable to the national religion, at least in its present forms. A few speakers indeed declared themselves in favour of it, but the general opinion seemed to be that it fell very far short of what the working-classes had a right to expect. As this is equivalent to saying that, sooner or later, the national religion must be reformed, it may perhaps be worth while to inquire what, according to the new criterion of truth, may be considered its weak points. Here, again, we are met by a most perplexing variety of view, clearly showing that, though the working-classes are agreed as to their poor opinion of our religious institutions, and in some respects of our religion itself, they are very far from being agreed as to the grounds upon which this opinion rests.

To take the Leeds meeting first, one orator considered that there were so many churches and chapels nowadays that a man could not tell which he ought to choose, and evaded the difficulty by choosing none. A second went boldly to the very root of the evil, and declared that "in old times God used to take care of the world, and talked to the people in it, coming amongst them, and managing their affairs for them; and when they had a fight He took a side in it, and made that side prosper"; but that "Christ was not much of a reformer or a slave abolitionist, and that for these and other reasons he (the speaker) did not go to chapel." A third thought that "Christianity stood in the way of the social progress of the people by placing another life above this, and making the soul more valuable than the body." A fourth "gave it as his opinion that the working-classes were too intelligent to see any benefit in attending places of religious worship." If we did not know that these and similar statements came from working-men, we should be inclined to consider that some of them sound very like childish and pernicious, not to say blasphemous, nonsense. But, happily, the source from which they emanate places them above all suspicion of being other than the very latest and most approved edition of the truth.

The London meeting seems to have been convened by men of some note as professors of religion or philanthropy. A discussion as to the reasons why the working-classes do not approve of our religious institutions was actually carried on from about two

o'clock to nine, with only half-an-hour's intermission. A gratifying proof—were proof needed—of the superiority, in point of virtue and intelligence, of the working-classes over the rest of the community may be found in the fact that the speakers were almost unanimously agreed that, if working-men did not attend places of worship, the fault lay with the places, not with the men. The great social and political questions of the day were not discussed in these places, and the religion dispensed there was an "adulterated false article." The "ministers, instead of looking up to working-men, disdainfully looked down upon them and thought themselves superior to them." One speaker facetiously attributed the non-attendance of the working-classes at church to the "drowsiness" of the clergy; another, to their "want of sympathy with the people"; a third, to the deplorable fact that the "Church is rotten at its core." There was, we are happy to say, but one exception to this general tone of manly self-congratulation and enlightened self-respect, although it is painful to be obliged to add that this exception was a gentleman whose exalted position and eminent services to the cause of the model classes entitled us to expect very different conduct from him. Mr. George Potter so far forgot himself as to say that "no doubt the great causes of the evil were the carelessness and indifference of the working-men"; and although he quickly recovered himself, and added "but could they be otherwise with their present hours of labour?" still the fatal admission was already made, that the model classes are men of like passions with the rest of the community, and not the infallible guides for whom public opinion has of late taken them. If their own enlightened champions make admissions of this kind, what can be expected from ignorant and bigoted opponents like Mr. Lowe? After this it is pleasant to be able to mention that no less a dignitary of the Church than Dean Stanley appealed to the working-men to know if any alteration ought to be made in the services at Westminster Abbey, and that the Reverend Dr. Miller showed no mercy to ecclesiastical abuses. But perhaps the greatest service to the cause of Christianity was that rendered by Mr. Beales, when he pointed out its tendency to promote manhood suffrage. "He had made some sacrifices for the political and social rights of his fellow-countrymen, but he would make ten thousand more sacrifices, and sacrifice ten hundred lives, if he had them, in order to make them all perfect Christians—because he knew, if they were true Christians, there would be no longer any question about their political and social rights." Nothing could have been in better rhetorical taste, or in more perfect harmony with the whole spirit of the meeting, than this skilful subordination of religion to political ends. Let us hasten to become "perfect Christians" in order that we may secure, not only eternal salvation, but a reduction of the franchise.

It is of course desirable that the new and perfect standard of morality furnished by the collective conscience of the working-classes should be applied first to questions of the highest importance. But still we trust that it will not be confined exclusively to these. There is scarcely an institution, however trivial to all appearance, which it might not be worth our while to reconsider by the entirely fresh light which this standard throws upon it. By all means let the fate of our religious institutions, including of course the services at Westminster Abbey, be first disposed of by determining how far they suit the tastes of the model class. But the standard is far too valuable not to be generally utilized, and gradually extended to all the questions, big and little alike, of the day. Quite a new aspect might be given to tooth-brushes, for instance, if the model class were invited to consider how far their constant use is compatible with the pressure of civilization; and an appeal to the same enlightened tribunal might even rid us of that most objectionable of all non-religious institutions, the chimney-pot hat.

#### UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

##### II.

OF the several Reports issued by the sub-Committees which have grown out of the meeting at Oriel College spoken of in a former article, the first is one on the "foundation of a new College or Hall on a large scale, with a view not exclusively, but especially, to the education of persons needing assistance and desirous of admission into the Christian ministry." The sub-Committee which produces this Report is one almost wholly clerical; the only laymen on it are the two Chichele Professors, and one only of these two exceptions can be looked on as at all tempering the strongly ecclesiastical character of the body. It contains, besides the two deeply lamented names of Dr. Shirley and Mr. Riddell, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Mansel, Mr. Greswell of Worcester, Mr. Burgon of Oriel, and Mr. Ince of Exeter. It is not disrespectful to say that from a body so constituted we should not look for any very bold or enlarged views of University Extension. Ecclesiastical interests were sure to predominate; indeed one might say that, with such a commission as the sub-Committee set out with, in a certain sense they ought to predominate. Now to the foundation of a new College or of a dozen new Colleges we have not the slightest objection. With our views of the matter, we look on the different schemes proposed, not as alternatives excluding one another, but as different ways of compassing the same end, all of which may very well be tried side by side. We say not a word, then, against founding a new College; we say not a word against trying to make any College, old or new, as economical as possible. Both objects are thoroughly praise-

worthy. But we do look with a certain suspicion on a College which is to be especially, even if not exclusively, clerical. Of course we do not deny the theoretical right of a founder to give his College a special connexion with any particular faculty in the University. Looking over the existing Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge as they stood before the late changes, we find some fellowships clerical, and some lay; we find some Colleges which require degrees in arts only, some which enforce degrees in divinity, some in law, some in medicine, some in all three in different proportions. There is no theoretical objection to either a divinity College, a legal College, or a medical College. But there is a decided practical objection to separating men designed for any one profession from men designed for other professions. The great social advantage of a University is the throwing together of men of all ranks and of all future callings. A man who associates only with men designed for the same calling as himself labours under the same disadvantages, under the same narrowing influences, as a man who associates only with men of his own school or of his own county. The real objection to Colleges like New College and Jesus was, not that fellowships were set apart for Winchester men and for Welshmen, but that all the Winchester men were gathered together in one College and all the Welshmen in another. On this ground, then, we object to the institution of a College which shall be exclusively, or even especially, clerical, that its members will lose one great advantage of going to a University at all. Let our future clergy by all means go to Oxford or Cambridge, but do not let Oxford or Cambridge ever see anything at all savouring of the character of a Theological Seminary arise under its shadow. Nothing has been a greater gain for the English clergy, and, through them, for the English nation, than that the future priest and the future layman have hitherto gone through the same course at school and college side by side. The sub-Committee deplores the increase, at recent ordinations, of "literate" candidates as compared with graduates; but to found a College exclusively or especially clerical would be to found an establishment for something very like "literate" in Oxford itself. A traveller in Berry, asking the purpose of a large building by the roadside, got for answer, "C'est un Collège où on fait les Curs." We trust that the day may never come when such a description can be given of any building in Oxford or Cambridge. It is curious again how the exclusively, or at least specially, clerical objects of this sub-Committee have blinded them to one of the main objects which any University Reformer ought to have in view. There is no greater difficulty in the way of real University extension than the constantly increasing age at which men enter, and consequently at which they take their degrees. We feel sure that, if three generations, grandfather, father, and son, were examined as to the average age of freshmen in their time, they would tell three different stories, and that there would be a difference of two, perhaps of three, years between the two extreme statements. This it is, more than anything else, which keeps out the surgeons, solicitors, and so forth, whom the Provost of Oriel wishes to keep out, but whom we wish to let in. They cannot afford to wait till the age when men now generally take a degree. If they are to come at all, they must come, as men used to do, at a much earlier age than they do now. Here is one great problem—a problem on which we remember that Dr. Shirley, the Chairman of the sub-Committee, once spoke his mind very plainly in a pamphlet. But all that the sub-Committee have to say to it is that it does not matter to them, because it does not affect candidates for Holy Orders. These cannot enter on their profession till they are twenty-three; so the question hardly affects them. We should say that, in founding a new and more economical College, the class of persons whom we wish to catch should be a quarry specially aimed at, and therefore that, instead of "assuming that the age at which the B.A. degree is customarily taken remains unchanged," the sub-Committee should have specially devoted their energies to devise means by which it might be customarily taken at a much earlier age.

The second question, that of "adapting the existing Colleges and Halls to the object of University Extension," was entrusted to a sub-Committee wholly clerical, and consisting of men of much smaller personal distinction than most of those who appear on the first list. But any set of men appointed to consider this question must have been hampered by one great difficulty, for an out-spoken statement of which we must go to Professor Rogers. When a man of the known tendencies of the Professor of Political Economy attacks any of the doings of the University Commission, he may be listened to without any of the suspicions which might attach to some of his brethren. Whatever Mr. Rogers is, he is not a blind Tory. He is moreover one who does not mince matters, and who plainly puts forth the fact that University Reform has rather too largely assumed the form of taking from the poor to give to the rich. Here is a question as to the ways and means of admitting poor men, and, while it is pending, the very endowments which were given for that purpose, the College scholarships, have been formally taken away from that purpose and applied to another for which they really were not wanted. College scholarships, designed to maintain students who could not maintain themselves, have been universally turned into purely honorary distinctions, assigned to mere proficiency, without any regard to the question whether the candidate needs pecuniary help or not. Now really, to give a man, to whom money may be no object at all, 70*l.* or 80*l.* yearly for four or five years, by way of an honorary distinction, is a dead waste of the money. A



sprig of laurel would serve the purpose just as well, and the money is wanted for the quite different purpose for which it was intended. A rich man's son who wishes to show his cleverness has plenty of opportunities for so doing without seizing on the scholarships which were meant for the poor. He may get six first classes, and all the University prizes and scholarships. Those are the legitimate rewards of purely literary proficiency. A College scholarship is a legitimate reward of proficiency—not, however, of proficiency anywhere, but of proficiency among those who really need the scholarship as an assistance. And that class was always large enough to make an open scholarship fairly given away among its members a very considerable distinction. But now this large income is absolutely wasted; scholarships may often incidentally come to those who need them, but, if so, it is only incidentally; their needing them is not taken into consideration. At this moment a College scholarship in Oxford is held by the son of a Marquis. We believe that this young nobleman has won this and other distinctions in the fairest and most honourable way; but it is clear that sons of Marquises are not the class of people for whom College scholarships were ever meant. We perfectly well remember more than one holder of an open scholarship giving it up of his own accord on succeeding to property which made it no longer needful to him. Such an idea would never come into any one's head now. And it is rather remarkable that some of the arguments by which the change was justified have greatly lost their force since the change was made. It was argued, and at that time with great weight, that scholarships often led to fellowships, that fellowships were practically important University offices, and that therefore it was desirable to make all scholarships as open as possible. But now scholarships are, in most Colleges, we believe in all, cut off from any succession to fellowships, and fellowships are daily losing their ancient importance. The number of resident fellows is constantly decreasing, while the number of resident graduates who are not fellows is constantly increasing. The instruction and the legislation of the University are passing more and more into the hands of men who have ceased to be fellows, or who never were fellows at all. That is to say, they are passing more and more into the hands of the University itself as distinguished from the Colleges. The main reason which could at all justify the alienation of the Scholarship from the original purpose has really ceased to exist.

On this subject Mr. Rogers's Essay is well worthy of attentive study. He pungently compares schemes for admitting poor men now that their endowments are transferred to rich men, to "the act of those who having turned the rightful owners out of their homes, conceive it a duty to build them a new one." It does seem strange when the old endowments for poor men are practically confiscated, and the Colleges are told that they may found new ones if they choose. But all that Mr. Rogers or any one else can do is to lament. The College scholarships are irrevocably lost; but the history of the question can never be understood without setting forth the real nature of their loss. This particular act of the Commission can now be discussed more calmly than it could when it appeared as part of a scheme which, as a whole, all Reformers were delighted to accept. Still it is irrevocable, and the means for admitting poor men to the existing Colleges must now be found elsewhere. Of the various experiments proposed by the sub-Committee, like all the other different schemes before us, we say, try all or any of them; all have the same object, and none of them need interfere with any other. But, among these, two very important schemes still remain, far more daring in themselves and commended by a far greater weight of authority than any that we have yet spoken of. These we must reserve for a third and concluding article on the subject.

#### THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

OF all the topics that may be discussed in the approaching Session of Parliament, there is none which can exceed in importance and urgency the organization of the army. For the first time, the British public has been aroused to regard its military condition with prospective anxiety; and much of the dissatisfaction, and compunction, and willingness to pay for improvement that followed the disclosures of the Crimea is exhibited in anticipation of some great European conflict in which we must either sustain our pretensions or sink into comparative insignificance. We are told, indeed, that the Quixotic enterprises in which our forefathers from time to time engaged, belonged to a more youthful period of our national life, and have no place amid the respectabilities of middle age, when our talk is of bullocks, and our dreams are of money-bags. That our policy will in future be ultra-pacific has already been loudly proclaimed, and the echo of the announcement has come back to us in tones that are scarcely flattering or soothing. But, say what we will, complications might arise that would force us to arms. Even in quarrels foreign to our interests we might have to strike in defence of our neutrality or of our flag; and though we were resolute to bear all, like Shylock, with a patient shrug, and to make sufferance the badge of all our tribe, still, until we see our shores protected by a fleet strong enough to meet any combination of the maritime Powers, we can never feel absolutely secure from invasion.

Though the numerous criticisms which the state of public feeling has evoked on the various branches of our military establishments would seem to have the effect of depreciating and disparaging the army, yet this is only the natural result of sudden zeal for military reform. The British public would feel thorough

confidence in our troops, if equal in numbers and equally well generalised, in an encounter with those of any nation on the face of the earth. Neither Frenchmen nor Russians nor Prussians would possess any substantial advantage, man for man, over the soldiers whose discipline, instruction, and equipment have of late been so freely canvassed. But it is plainly seen that any corps we could place on a foreign field would be but a small fraction compared with the hosts whose movements shake the Continent. It would be a mere contingent, hardly to be counted in the balance of their mighty totals. More than that, we see that behind these hosts stand vast reserves ready to maintain success or to retrieve defeat; while, when our line of battle began to dwindle, we should look vainly for the means of reinforcing it. Therefore, the first and most important question is how to form a trained reserve, and this cannot be considered irrespectively of the recruiting of the regular army. French conscripts bless the lot which consigns them to the First Ban instead of to the active force; and, with us, the reserve would possess such very superior attractions that recruits, if the option were permitted, would always prefer it to the line. This is the problem that the Recruiting Commission so signally failed to solve; for, after suggesting various measures (all mere palliatives, and not thorough remedies) for inducing men to enter the army and to remain in it beyond their first term, it confessed its total inability to devise any means of organizing a reserve. It is but a fair inference, therefore, that the present system of recruiting and re-enlisting is incompatible with the grand object in view, and that the remedy must be sought in total reconstruction.

There are many reasons for thinking that a division of the term of enlistment into two periods—the first to be passed in the ranks of the army, the second in the reserve—might secure the proposed result. In the first place, a soldier, once fully disciplined and instructed, does not continue to improve; on the contrary, reiteration of needless instruction and wearisome duties is more likely to cause him to deteriorate. Moreover, he wants that grand stimulus to all human exertion—hope. And to keep men in the ranks who are already sufficiently expert in the business of arms is a sacrifice of so much of the industry of the nation. One advantage of the change we have suggested, would therefore be, that while keeping in hand, for a time of need, troops of the most effective class, we should restore them, still in their youth, to the active business and interests of life. And it seems certain that, as soon as the classes which supply recruits should begin to perceive the advantages of the soldier's condition—how enlistment no longer entailed the service of the best part of a life in the ranks, while it offered to a young man a fairly profitable and desirable calling—how the second period of service conferred all the honours and entailed few of the restraints of soldiery, while a character acquired in the army for ability and good conduct would be a passport to respectable and well-paid employment in civil life—we should find a very favourable change in the prospects of recruiting.

But short service in the army is incompatible with colonial service. The force thus constituted could not supply reliefs of troops for India, or Canada, or New Zealand. To raise these, under different conditions, is therefore part of the problem. But we must remember that this is only what the Company formerly did in the case of India, before that amalgamation took place which to many experienced men seemed so impolitic. It is probable that a comparatively moderate force of British soldiers, posted in well-selected parts of the country, and supported by a proportionate native army, would suffice to hold India. A long term of service would be necessary in this case, and emoluments proportioned to a protracted abode in a climate unsuited to English habits. The larger colonies must raise their own defenders; while isolated posts, such as Bermuda and St. Helena, necessary as coaling and provisioning stations in distant operations, might be suitably garrisoned by old soldiers, specially re-enlisted, whose long service would naturally exempt them from the fatigues and privations of a campaign, without impairing their efficiency as garrison troops.

Granting that these measures are feasible, and that the service of the regular army would thus be limited to the British islands and the Mediterranean stations, a consideration which strongly repels recruits—namely, the prospect of exile—would disappear. Economically considered, the plan, though involving additional outlay, would show considerable items on the credit side of the account. All additional pay for length of service, and all pensions, except for wounds, disabilities, and gallant conduct, might be abolished. The formidable item for the transport of troops, women and children, to and from the colonies would disappear. And, as it would be absurd to give official sanction to the marriage of men whose age would not exceed six-and-twenty at the expiration of their first term of service, the necessity of providing married quarters for soldiers, and transport for their wives and families from one home station to another, would no longer exist. By thus ridding the active force of the majority of the men who now marry without leave, a great obstacle to the obtaining of recruits would be removed. For, although an unmarried soldier is as comfortable in most particulars as a civilian of the same class, yet the state of a soldier married without leave is so hopeless, and entails such misery on his wife and children, that the spectacle cannot but be deterrent to those who might otherwise enlist; and even those who, having nothing beyond their daily pay, obtain permission to marry, must lead a life of considerable privation. Under these circumstances, women of the class who are willing to marry soldiers are often the reverse of respectable; the soldier himself is frequently degraded by the connexion; the

separation consequent on his absence abroad is too often in reality the abandonment of the troublesome responsibilities of wife and children; and in all these ways the service is discredited in the eyes of the population.

Supposing the general correctness of these views to be admitted, and the scheme described put in practice, we may venture to assume that the field of recruiting would soon be considerably widened. A much greater number of respectable young men would look to the army as a career when the service no longer entailed exile from friends and country, penury in marriage, or the devotion of that term of life beyond which there is small chance of prospering in a new calling. The sphere of the recruiting sergeant's operations would then include all that stratum of the youth of the country which is limited by the mere outskirts of society on the one hand, and, on the other, by the better class of tradesmen, their assistants, and apprentices. The problem would be how to induce the sons of labourers, small shopkeepers, artisans, and clerks of the humbler grade, to prefer the army to the vocation of their fathers. Some increase of the present rate of pay would be required, though probably not a large one, since young men of from eighteen to twenty-five seldom earn high wages, and would generally consider good food, good clothes, good lodging, medical attendance, and a small supplement of cash, as a desirable provision. The best authorities as to what rate of pay would be requisite would be those who are accustomed to deal with labourers or bodies of workmen, such as large farmers, squires, and great contractors, who most thoroughly understand the needs and expectations of the class. To an increase of bounty objections have been made; it would be an additional stimulus to the frauds of those scamps who enlist only to desert and re-enlist, while the honest recruit is frequently tempted by the sudden possession of cash into drink and debauchery. Nevertheless, if larger bounties might better fill the ranks, as is scarcely to be doubted, the end would be too important to be sacrificed out of extreme regard for the morals of a few runagates or spendthrifts, and we are convinced that liberality in this particular would be highly effective.

Nor would these be the only inducements that it is in the power of the authorities to offer. The Recruiting Commission suggested several judicious measures for diminishing the severity and irksomeness of military duty, such as reducing sentinel duty to its minimum, and limiting the amount of mere routine drill to what is absolutely necessary for the efficiency of men and officers. It recommended, too, that facilities should be afforded to soldiers for learning and practising trades. It seems very doubtful if this would be possible except in a partial degree, but no doubt, to whatever extent it might prove practicable, such a course would have excellent results.

After a shortened term of greatly ameliorated service, we suppose the soldier to pass into a force which would, in time of peace, make the same demands upon him as the militia. But the soldier of the reserve would differ from the militiaman in some important respects, for he would be liable to foreign service in time of war, he would receive an annual sum as a retaining fee, and he would be already highly trained—being, in fact, at least as efficient as the soldier of the active army. Not only would the superior advantages of this kind of service tend, as soon as they became generally recognised, to attract men to the army, as being the regular portal to those benefits; but they would also enable the reserve to compete with the militia, which now far surpasses the line in attracting recruits. Among the necessary details of such a scheme, place must be given to measures for forming a reserve force at once, without awaiting the completion of the first period of service. We have in the country great numbers of discharged effective soldiers, who might be induced to re-enlist. And as soon as the recruiting returns should show sufficiently favourable results, a portion of the ten-years' men now in the army—those, for instance, who have served seven years and upwards—might be allowed to commute the remainder of their term for service in the reserve. The manner in which the militia could be best induced to contribute to the reserve would also form an important consideration. Re-enlistment in the reserve for a second, or even third, term would be an obvious expedient for maintaining this essential force. How it should be distributed, whether in districts or counties, how officered, how assembled for exercise, and what emoluments should be given of each kind—namely, annual income, pay when called out for drill, and pay when brought into the ranks in time of war—would be all matters for further discussion, as would also be the force of the active army, and the proportionate strength of the reserve.

We have thus sketched, by way of suggestion, a scheme which appears to us worthy of consideration. Can any one doubt the superior compactness, efficiency, and readiness for united action, of such a home force as we have described, compared with our present army, scattered as it is, often in small detachments, over the face of the globe, and destitute of all reserve? The plan need not be regarded as a mere experiment, since we have the great States of the Continent to show us how, in its main particulars, it affects the soldier and the industrial population. But this and all other schemes must be ineffectual unless based on an adequate military expenditure. Hitherto the practice of the British public has been to demand a full tale of bricks while granting the minimum of straw. Always ready to visit with extreme severity any military misdeeds or shortcomings, it has encouraged, nay compelled, successive War Ministers to vie with each other in reducing the

Army Estimates. Experienced soldiers who understand the vast requirements of modern war, and who are acquainted with the military establishments of our powerful neighbours, have always lamented the efforts so indefatigably made to reduce our expenditure to the lowest ebb consistent with a faintly plausible efficiency. But they have lamented hitherto in vain, and our army has remained a deceptive image of warlike power, with a front of brass, but feet of clay. Stimulated into interest and inquiry by the spectacle of recent great wars, the public now better appreciates its wants, and the cost of meeting them. Never has the subject been so fully investigated among us, or the necessity of a liberal reform so generally admitted; so that a Minister, having no longer the excuse that the nation expects him to be above all things economical, would, if he were to seek popularity at the expense of efficiency, commit both a crime and a blunder. Now that the wolves are so numerous and menacing, it is but an obvious policy that, from the profits of this large and lucrative sheepfold of ours, ample provision should be made for the watch-dogs; and we are convinced that any Cabinet which, in proposing a promising scheme of military reform, should seek to give it effect by providing the necessary revenues, would be supported by the House and by the country.

#### "WE'RE ALL FROZE OUT!"

THREE weeks' frost ought not to be enough to throw the machinery of English society out of gear, and yet this has been very nearly the practical result of the recent inclement season. Great Britain lies only just outside the region of perpetual frost, and were it not for the exceptional visitation of the Gulf Stream, we should not have had a climate better than that of Labrador. Just now it seems that we have had a foretaste of what we shall be reduced to—a storm-tost island of the bleak Northern Sea, out of warmth and civilization—when our American friends shall have succeeded in executing their threat of diverting the Gulf Stream from our shores. Looking at the newspapers, and listening to the talk of the day, one would think, so total has been the collapse of many of our institutions, that the records of a frozen Thames and a six weeks' frost were mere middle-age myths; and yet it does not require even the otiose reminiscences of the oldest inhabitant to recall either fatal accidents on the ice, or great distress in particular trades, or half the country blocked from communication with London. No particularly new thing has happened to us; nor have we been suffering under any other calamity than that to which lands basking under an Ausonian sun have been now and then liable:—

Nix, venti, grando, gelideque pruina  
Et vis magna geli, magnum duramen aquarum,  
Et mora, quæ fluvios passim refrænât cunctis;  
Perfacile est tamen hæc reperire, animoque videre,  
Omnia quo pacto fiant.

But what caused the great Latin poet small wonder is nowadays represented as a subject of consternation, chiefly because it gives occasion for fine writing in the newspapers. As the weather is our English topic of small talk, it may well be a good commonplace for small writing, and sensational articles with an Arctic twang. Picture-rescue writers in the newspapers have been coming out very strong, and, glancing over the maps of Scotland and England in a light way, have gauged the snow in railway cuttings, and have presented us with moving, or rather ice-bound, pictures of coal-trains snowed up, steamers "cowering" in port, our communications with the Continent interrupted, our horses foundering, the telegraph wires breaking, our old folks dying, and all of us in a dislocated, puzzled, and fractious frame of mind at the shock given to all ordinary pursuits and our daily manner of life. The general sense of sulk and helplessness is not much modified by the raptures, real or pretended, of that pestilent minority who enjoy what is called rude health, and who at such times display their rudeness, at any rate, by insolent congratulations to their shivering friends on what they call this fine seasonable weather, and the bracing delights of curling and skating. Well, it is at last all over; a genial thaw has set in, and meteorological scribblers are as eloquent about showers as they were lately impressive on frost.

Meanwhile the frost has left us two solid and substantial and most melancholy memorials of its rigour—the accident (if accident it may be called) in the Regent's Park; and the distress in the East of London, which, if it did not originate, culminated in the stoppage of all labour connected with the shipping trade. The loss of forty lives on the ice in one of the Royal parks, while it is a most distressing event in itself, presents a humiliating illustration of the way in which our institutions are not managed. What are the Royal parks? Demesnes into which the public are, by Royal favour, admitted under certain restrictions. This is their theory, and from it seems to follow the enforcement of some regulations to preserve order and ensure the public safety. A park is not like the Queen's highway, where every passenger walks at his own risk. But the parks of London, presenting, as they do, exceptional and extraordinary dangers to life and peace, are just so inefficiently guarded as to make them more dangerous than if they were left without a pretence of security. Half a dozen park-keepers are a mockery of guardianship; the "roughs"—who are finding out that they are a power in London, and may become an institution—reign, whenever they please, supreme; and they often please; and the parks are the favourite spots for airing their little playful tastes in riot



and robbery. But, besides the roughs, the thoughtless herd of London are allowed to do just as they please with the parks, especially during a frost. The ice is under nobody's control. Anybody may break it up; anybody may go upon it even under the most dangerous circumstances; it is no man's land in every sense of the term; nobody can warn off trespassers because there are no trespassers possible; it is nobody's business, but that of a voluntary Society, to look after accidents; and it is left to the casual charity of the mob to collect funds for fishing up from the mud and ice the victims of their own fool-hardiness and of the public stupidity. To say that everything connected with the Regent's Park accident is disgraceful, from the day on which forty persons were destroyed, down to last Wednesday, when the Board of Works awoke to the tardy consciousness that it was in some quarter or other more becoming that the duty of searching the lake should not be left to the liberality of Mr. Heinke, or the precarious services of a few Thames fishermen hired by casual coppers, is to say the least that can be said. We are not concerned to go so far as one windy writer, who would have it made a misdemeanour and overt act of suicide to go upon the ice until it is certified safe by scientific responsibility; but there can be no reason why the police should not have the same authority to exclude fools from dangerous ice as they have now, even by force, to keep idlers from a house on fire. The suggestion of lowering the lake to a depth of three or four feet is but a rude and coarse expedient which only witnesses to official imbecility; and if we have not, we ought to have, such administrative skill as would not relinquish the public safety to the Humane Society, or the pious care of the dead to the charity and zeal which, for once has fired even the master of a parish workhouse.

It is difficult to say how much of the East London distress is due to the season, or what, if any, amount of it can be traced back to the Trades' Unions. The two causes probably run into each other, and the frost has perhaps only brought to a crisis distress and privation which had long been maturing. No doubt, to go back to the beginning, the financial crisis of the summer interfered with the shipping trade, and freights fell because the capital which ought to have been embarked in the carrying trade had been lost or locked up in financial speculations. Diminished freights soon make themselves felt in slackness of orders for new ships; but here the profound teachings of Mr. George Potter and his friends have taught London shipwrights that they "would be doing an act of injustice to themselves and families" in taking 6s. 6d. a day instead of 7s., even though they were told that, at these wages for labour, the order for a new ship could not be executed by the firm who were willing to contract for it at only a nominal profit to themselves and their capital. It is, we believe, asserted, and not without truth, that the distress down East is not confined to, and even does not exist among, the shipwrights. This may be quite true; but the obstinacy of a single small trade spreads over a large area. It is not at the centre of a commercial or social storm that the larger waves are to be looked for; and the indirect results of a strike spread themselves over very remote circles of the labour market. The worst of the matter is that in the presence of undeniable physical suffering, distress, and starvation on a large scale, human nature is afraid to trust itself with discussions on political economy and the theory of trade combinations. The lesson of strikes does not force itself, as it ought to do, on those who foolishly or culpably engage in them. Public charity intercepts the stern teaching of starvation. This is right. Even if our fellow-creatures are knaves or fools, it may be our own fault that they are so. To condemn men to die of want and starvation is a penalty which we have no right to inflict, even for heavier crimes than submission to the *Vehm Gericht* of Unionism; and it is satisfactory to find that now, as always, British charity is ready to plunge, with an amiable defiance of logic, into the pressing duties of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. We have had too much experience of other and even worse results of the improvidence or obstinacy of working-men to suppose that any good lesson will be learned, as it is very palpably taught, by the spectacle of the present distress. We shall go on, as we have always gone on, with these stopgaps and hand-to-mouth remedies of social maladies which the very complexity of society renders inevitable. In a ruder state, and under less cultivated habits, man is free from many of the diseases of refined life. It is in the moral as in the material world. Cultivation and civilization engender special disorders; and because they are unnatural they are only susceptible of unscientific and illogical palliatives. Great subscription-lists may become mere hush-money administered to an idle and apathetic national conscience; and, so long as we are willing to look on periodical outbursts of distress as the results of an inscrutable law of trade, or on the pernicious influence of Trades' Unions as inevitable, and are content to smother up both one and the other in promiscuous almsgiving both to the authors and victims of the evil, nothing is gained—except an invitation to the plague to reproduce itself. The real corrective to the abuses of combination in labour is to take labour at its own word. If it is a man's duty to refuse 6s. 6d. a day because he cannot get 7s., this duty he ought to be allowed to carry out to "the bitter end," and we all know what that end is. But charity has very properly stepped in, and will, we trust, now as ever, save the victim from the consequences of his own folly. We shall once more keep Mr. Potter's disciple from starvation, even though it be only to reserve him for the luxury of again

deserving, and again escaping, it. Public charity itself will, however, be tried, and perhaps found wanting, if, as seems but too probable, the bread-riots already commenced at Greenwich should assume more formidable proportions. It is always difficult, in public disturbances, to separate them into their elements. We are assured, and we believe with truth, that "the roughs" have taken advantage of the present distress as a mere cloak for ordinary shoplifting, and that the real sufferers are as patient as they were in Lancashire. But our public charity must be very apostolic in its resolve to think no evil, if it can survive the shock of organized outbreaks against peace and property. The interests of honest labour and the roughs are sufficiently distinct; but if any part of the present distress might have been averted by more prudent action on the part of the Trade Societies, it will be difficult to say that they are not indirectly responsible for those disturbances which the suffering poor will have most reason to regret.

#### THE BLACAS COLLECTION.

"QUELLE triste destinée que celle de ces belles choses; tout cela va nous quitter, et peut-être l'étranger en sera-t-il possesseur!" Thus the late Duke de Blacas is reported to have spoken to a friend, shortly before his death, with reference to his collection of objects of art which are now added to the British Museum. Their acquisition certainly forms an epoch in the history of our national institution. Rich and manifold as have been the collections added to it from time to time, we know of scarcely any that can compare with this last. As our eyes wander up and down the long rows of precious vases, or follow the cunningly interwoven arabesques formed by Koranic benedictions and magic spells on the Eastern bronzes, or gaze at the rare wealth of precious cameos and intaglios, we can understand the Duke's grief. The museum founded by his father and completed by himself certainly deserved its European fame. It must be remembered that the elder Duke was Minister of Louis XVIII., the intimate friend of Charles X., and for many years French ambassador in Rome and Naples; and further, that he was gifted with wealth, with the passion for collecting precious antiques, and with judgment. Very few men can be said to have been thus favoured by circumstances, and to have known so well how to use their opportunities. What the father commenced amid the vicissitudes of his political life, the son, both in his leisurely German exile and at home, eagerly and energetically continued. Himself an archaeologist and numismatist of merit, he unceasingly added to the collection, at the same time weeding it carefully from all suspicious elements, so as to make it as thoroughly pure as the cultivated eye and judgment of a scholar could render it.

Apart from the many and mysterious memories, both of old and modern times, that crowd round the individual objects of this collection, there are certain associations clinging to it as a whole which, in the mind of the archaeologist, palæographer, and philologist, surround it with a special halo. In this cabinet it was that Champollion made some of his most important hieroglyphical discoveries; here Reinaud laid the foundations for the new science of Muslim Archaeology; and here Panofka gathered the greatest part of his knowledge of the science and art of antique vases. Far from shunning the lynx-eyed criticism of scholars, both father and son, with the utmost liberality, made them at home in their temple, and aided their special investigations in every direction. The result was an entire little body of literature. Great books and small books, pamphlets and essays, and a number of as yet unpublished manuscripts treat either of some special branch of the museum, or of some of its individual objects. Panofka's "Blacas Vases" and Reinaud's "Blacas Monuments" have long been standard works of reference. That the collection should have given rise also to countless papers scattered in French, German, Italian, and other Transactions of learned Societies, will not astonish our readers.

It lies beyond our province to give a detailed account of the new riches which, with the promptitude that has characterized the whole transaction, the authorities of the British Museum have already offered to the inspection of the public. But we may briefly mention that about twelve or thirteen distinct branches of antiquities—Greek, Roman, and Oriental—are represented in this collection, some to a vast extent, some by but few specimens; all of them choice, some unique. There are Greek fictile vases, to the number of 517; and nearly a thousand gems, cameos, and intaglios, 780 of which are antique; forming a cabinet which that most fastidious of German archaeologists, Köhler, declared to be the pink of all private cabinets extant. There are further about 2,000 coins—Greek and Roman—among them several not to be found in any other collection. Again, there are Greek and Roman terra-cottas, mural paintings from Pompeii and Stabia, marbles, gold ornaments, an entire silver toilet of a Roman lady, and a number of other miscellaneous Eastern and Western relics bearing upon the life of the ancient and mediæval world. We shall only attempt to point out a few things which, amidst the bewildering number of interesting objects, might escape the eye, or which, belonging to somewhat out-of-the-way departments of knowledge, would be more liable to be overlooked than others, although there may be a deeper importance attaching to them than to many a glorious cameo, terra-cotta, or bronze. We shall draw attention, in the first instance, to two

small fragments of Egyptian papyri, inscribed with what have been styled Aramæo-Egyptian or "Phœniko-Hebrew" characters. It is but a few months ago that mention was made in these pages\* of one of the most vexed questions in Semitic palæography—namely, the history of the Hebrew square character. Pedantic and futile as a minute investigation of all the points connected with this question may appear at first sight, it must be borne in mind that a vast deal of Biblical interest is involved in it. Time was when it was taken for granted that this character was "Sinaitic," or aboriginal. No changes and no false transcriptions troubled the student then. But the discoveries of the last few generations have taught us otherwise. We now know for certain that the common square character was not in use before the Babylonian Captivity, perhaps not before the time of Christ. Further, that the older Biblical books at least had to be transcribed from the *Ibri* or Samaritan character into the square, and that during this process a number of palpable misreadings arose which have been perpetuated ever since. One of the principal difficulties in the study of the transition of one character into the other has always lain in the absence of sufficient materials. This well-known "Papyrus Blacasensis" is one of the most important helps in that abstruse investigation. For it shows the square alphabet in its infancy, at the time probably of the later Ptolemies; and there are only two, or at most three, specimens of this same character extant. In this papyrus two *final* letters appear for the first time, and certain other letters palpably exhibit the gradual change from their Phœnician forms. As to the contents of the Papyrus, we will not forestall the *savans* of our country, who will no doubt soon supplement the explanations of Lanci, Gesenius, and others. We will only state that it was picked up in 1825, at Rome, among a number of other papyri, and that a thoroughly satisfactory reading of it has, owing chiefly to the fragmentary state of the document, not yet been achieved. The language is Aramaic, and enough is preserved to show that the pieces originally belonged to a codex containing a story of a king of Egypt who waged war against somebody, and who said several martial things to a functionary—a general perhaps—called Bar-Chana. From its entire character, and, among other things, from its sudden transitions from Hebrew into Chaldee, we almost believe it to have originally been some Midrash. But we have not yet succeeded in tracing it to any source extant.

Hardly less curious and rare, and still less comprehensible, is an Oscan inscription, found in 1813 at Pompeii. We need not remind our readers of the extreme scarcity of monuments in that "stamped-out" tongue, which was held, not so very long ago, by no less a person than Pott himself, to be a non-Sanscritic dialect mixed with Latin elements. The present inscription has puzzled many a philologist—Abeken, Niebuhr, Klenze, &c.—and more than this, its very whereabouts seems to have been kept profoundly secret. Mommsen states that rumour spoke of it as having been conveyed to Paris, but that Clarac himself, its discoverer, to whom he had written on the subject, denied the fact. Besides the celebrated "Tabula Bantina," and the "Cippus Abellanus," not many Oscan monuments have been deemed worthy of careful investigation before Mommsen; and it may be satisfactory to classical students to know that he finds no difficulty whatever in reading the document in question, all except one word. For their further edification, we add the whole text, transcribed from the peculiar Oscan into our own character. It reads thus: "V. Pupidiis V. med. tiv. amanaffed Isida prufatted." The difficult word is "amanaffed." What has become of the sculptured female head that appeared on Clarac's original engraving, by the side of these words, is a mystery.

From Palæography proper we turn to Muslim works of art, with Arabic inscriptions, and here we follow gladly in Reinaud's footsteps. Passing by the seals, coins, talismans, cameos, the *cistes mystice*, Hammer-Purgstalls, "Baphometric coffers," and the rest of the curious Eastern part of the cabinet, we shall only mention one or two of the larger bronze objects. There is a jar or vase, the like of which, for quaintness and elaboration of workmanship, and also for full and minute illustration of the manners and customs of its period, will not easily be found. It is about a foot and a half high, and bears the name of the maker, "Shodja, son of Hanfar"; his residence, "Mussul," in Mesopotamia; and the year of its execution, 629 Hedjra=1232 A.D. The scenes it represents are chiefly taken from the hunting-field, and very curious they are. Ten medallions contain embossed pictures of hunts with falcons, with sparrow-hawks, with broken-in leopards, panthers, and, in the *grande chasse*, even with lions and tigers. Riding to hounds also is represented, which is all the more curious as the dog is not a favourite animal in Mohammedan countries, and is not even liked for sport. There is, further, a gorgeous tray, two feet in diameter, of Sultan Shaban of Egypt, the unlucky Mamluck King of one year's reign (1375 A.D.), with a poetical and beautifully executed inscription. Particular mention is also due to a magic cup, with inscriptions both in Arabic and what might be called fancy characters, belonging to no particular language, and evidently meant to look very magical indeed. The Arabic inscription informs the reader that this cup preserves its owner from the bite of serpents, scorpions, and furious dogs, from the ailments of childbed, fever, bad milk of nurses, dolours

of bowels, colic, bad headaches, wounds, sorcery, dysentery, and other bad bodily ailments.

Among the Vases we would first draw attention to a scene of the Hellenic prize-ring of the heroic ages, found on a prize vase excavated at *Argintum*. Two muscular antique boxers engaged in fierce combat have both succeeded in drawing blood—an incident most faithfully and pre-Raffaellitically depicted. Two grave men—judges or nomophylakes—in large embroidered mantles and with sceptres in their hands, assist, with evident satisfaction. This curious page out of the *Bell's Life* of the ancient world bears the name of the celebrated artist Nikosthenes. An *Aryballos* of Nola, of surpassing beauty, worthy of Praxiteles himself, deserves mention next. The group represented on it consists of a Bacchus and Ariadne, preceded and followed by two Bacchantes, or perhaps Thalia and Terpsichore. There is an incomparable air of soft voluptuous lassitude over the whole composition. The figures are in relief, polychrome with gilding. Ariadne's dress consists of a green peplos—a colour very rarely employed in polychrome—embroidered with golden stars, over a yellow tunic. Bacchus, with no particular dress, half leans on her shoulder. The Bacchante in front is in a graceful dancing attitude, while the one behind plays on a tambourine. We are not speaking figuratively in adding that, when the vase was found, the fragrance of the antique perfume was still hovering over it.

The "Taking of Troy" forms the subject of a remarkably large Amphora. We shall not enter into details about the particular Homeric figures, and the special parts assigned to them in the original drawing, from which this is evidently a copy. Whatever Panofka, Gerhard, Welcker, and the rest of the archaeologists may hold with regard to the individual figures—and we have to record their disagreement—so much is certain, that there are few more genuine or more glorious Hellenic paintings extant. Very special mention is further due to a Crater representing the "Rising of the Sun." Helios, a golden halo round his divine head, stands in a quadriga drawn by four fiery steeds, rising from the ocean, while the stars, in the shape of beautiful youths, precipitate themselves into it at his approach. Some dive down perpendicularly like practised swimmers, others glide along the surface, as if loth to exchange their heavenly for a watery abode. Aurora, Cephalus the huntsman and his dog Lailaps, and Selene on horseback, deeply veiled and slowly riding seawards, make up the scene. A finer composition, and a drawing more splendid in every single portion, it would be very difficult to name, even on the best-known masterpieces of fictile art. We can only name besides the descent into the "Elysian Fields," which another splendid vase brings before us. We shall not attempt to describe it any further than by indicating the presence of an ithyphallic Herme of Bacchus, near which stands Orpheus, holding three-headed Cerberus by an iron chain. Two new arrivals, an ephebe and his pedagogue, approach and receive a lyre from Orpheus. A tree rises from the lower into the upper regions, where Venus (Libitina) complacently reclines, fan in hand; near her a Cupid, a Mercury, and a Pan.

In sculpture we speak but of one object—the colossal head of *Æsculapius*, found on the same island where "Notre Dame de Milo" (of the Louvre) was found. It certainly ranks next to her, if not above her. The majesty of this head, the fervent, adoring expression with which it seems to be looking upwards to Apollo, has rarely been equalled. The characteristic standing up of the hair above the forehead, and its sloping down sideways in narrow arched curves, strongly recalls his mighty grandfather, Jove himself. This votive head was excavated by a French Vice-Consul named Brest, and imported to France by a French Ambassador; it then came into the possession of the old Duke, who, on leaving France in exile, put it into a box. Political events intervened, and it lay in this box forgotten for many a long year. Nothing but an engraving of it has ever been published; the dissertations are yet to come.

Among the frescoes we would draw attention to the two poets with branches, from Stabie, in golden, or rather flesh-colour; and to a Pompeii group of three, one male and two female figures—a composition worthy of a great master. We must pass by the silver caskets for the toilet of a Roman lady, with all their curious contents, as well as the beam of what is supposed to have been Hadrian's galley sunk in the lake of Nemi. One word, however, must be given to an exquisite leaden vase, evidently a model for one to be wrought in precious metals. The inscription shows it to have been intended as a present from Domitilla—the later wife of Domitian—to her then husband Statilius. The rest, such as the Greek and Roman weights down to the Byzantine period; the classical bronzes; the coins in gold, silver, and copper; the terra-cottas; and last and noblest, the cameos and intaglios, by the addition of which the British Museum for the first time takes its proper stand among gem collections, and of which the more prominent have been published while they still belong to their original cabinets (Strozzi, Berth, Schellersheim, De la Turbie, &c.), we must needs leave unnoticed. Enough, however, has been said to prove the rare value of this collection, which exceptional good fortune has brought within our gates—thanks to the liberality and prompt decision of the Government and the Museum authorities, among whom special praise is due to Mr. Newton, the energetic and untiring principal agent in the transaction. His name will henceforth be inseparably connected with the Blacas Museum.



## REVIEWS.

## FERRIER'S PHILOSOPHICAL REMAINS.\*

THESE volumes are a monument of the piety and reverence of Professor Ferrier's family. They are, therefore, sacred from the profaning touch of criticism. We shall not inquire too severely whether all that is here preserved was worth preserving; whether the proper mode of obtaining wider recognition of the worthy and the good is to bring together everything they may ever have put into words—their failures as well as their successes. Executors should consider that there is much that authors print, "obliged by hunger or by stress of friends," which it is the truest kindness of those friends to leave in perpetual anonymity.

Of Professor Ferrier we may say that the recognition he has obtained has not as yet been up to the level of his merits as a philosopher, or a philosophic teacher. He had the true metaphysical mind—a faculty very rare, it is no paradox to say it, even among metaphysicians. His conception was of the idea, direct, and not mediate through literature. Most men, even most writers on philosophy, seem only to get at ideas through what other men have written about them. Hence they are imitative, critical, destructive, able to contradict, at most to recombine. Professor Ferrier saw for himself. We are not surprised to hear "that his devotion to contemplative study was so persistent and absorbing that he was seldom induced to leave his home in St. Andrews for excursions into distant quarters." To this fatal gift of second sight it is perhaps not fanciful to ascribe his early death, at fifty-six, an event which was heralded by some years of failing energies. The intensity of solitary thought wore him out. There can be no doubt that the passage and repassage of philosophical or poetic conceptions through the brain exercises a peculiarly depressing effect upon the physical and vital powers, such as no other mental exertion produces. Professor Veitch describes Ferrier as "more intellectually intense than excursive, more taken with the harmony of demonstration than with the requirements and the facts of real life, or the teachings of experience; he was the type of the philosopher of the abstract or deductive school." He was the reverse of narrow in his tastes. He maintained to the last an interest in various literature. He read works of imagination with deep sympathy. His early contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine* attest the free scope of his interests. The translation of Tieck's *Pietro d'Abano*, in August, 1839; of Deinhardstein's *Picture of Danae*, September, 1841; the review of Miss Barrett's poems, November, 1844, are mentioned among it would seem, many others of a non-philosophical character. But the *Remains* now published, though restricted to properly philosophical papers, bear witness to a literary and artistic taste, though employed in his later years only as the handmaiden of his intellect and to illustrate his abstract teaching. "His devotion to abstract thought had in no degree dried up the freshness or limited the fulness of a mind that was from the first keenly susceptible of impressions from all that is highest and finest in nature and art." All these dispositions and tendencies were gradually merged in the one over-mastering faculty of philosophical contemplation. They were not extinguished, but made subsidiary to it. This speculative power, too, did not disperse itself over all the infinitely extended regions of philosophical investigation, but was employed distinctly in the direction of metaphysics. He had but a secondary interest in questions of psychology, or of formal logic. Any ethical point on which he dwelt was referred to his demonstrative theory of knowledge and existence:—

He had [says Professor Veitch] a remarkable power in conversation on metaphysical points of testing and turning on all sides dogmas received or advanced. I shall ever look back with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret on the long evenings of two-handed discussion which we spent together during the four winters of my residence in St. Andrews. For depth of natural interest in the highest speculative questions; for openness, candour, and withal subtlety of fence, I have met no one who surpassed him. Metaphysic was his delight and his strength. The problem of Being; what it is; how to be analysed, how made intelligible; to get its principle and deduce its forms—was the centre round which his whole thought turned. The solution of the problem which he worked out for himself penetrated his entire life and convictions. His metaphysics were less of a professional accomplishment, and more completely himself, than was probably the case with any man, excepting Hamilton, whom I have known. —*Introductory Notice*, p. xxxvi.

The mention of Hamilton here suggests a comparison, or contrast, of the two men in respect of mental character. It is not humiliating to Professor Ferrier, for it would be a humiliation to no one, to say that in erudition, in the extent of his acquaintance with what had been thought and written on philosophy, Hamilton was immeasurably his superior. Nor was Hamilton's knowledge a mere memorial, or book-learning. It was an intelligent apprehension, a keen perception of shades of difference, a grasp of the thoughts of others which preserved the most delicate articulation and anatomy of each separate specimen. With all this, Hamilton's mind was no more than a logical mind—the logical mind, indeed, in its perfection. He combined unwearied vigour of discrimination with an inexhaustible wealth of collected material. But all the while he was only dealing with words—with terms, which had nothing behind them but their definitions. Hence, while he

was admirable when exploring and unfolding what others had said, he was unable to speculate safely himself. When he attempted to do so, having no ideas, he inevitably contradicted himself, and laid himself open to confutation and exposure from more practical and real thinkers who had something in view beyond definitions and distinctions. Professor Ferrier, with not a tithe of Hamilton's learning, and not approaching him in classical scholarship, had what the illustrious Edinburgh Professor had not—ideas; a faculty of intuition. It was, we conceive, the possession of this faculty which led De Quincey to speak of Ferrier as "the metaphysician of the highest promise among all his contemporaries in Great Britain." De Quincey, himself possessing in a high degree the metaphysical eye, "the vision and the faculty divine," recognised it where he saw it in another, and fixed upon it as the one indispensable qualification for speculation, without which, like charity in theology, all other philosophic endowments are an empty sound.

Furnished with this rare endowment, how was it then that Ferrier has left so little work behind him in the literature of philosophy? As for mere literary success, he may be said to have had his fair share of it. His great work, the *Institutes of Metaphysic*, reached a second edition in two years. It attracted a fair share of attention in the Northern Universities, and a full discussion in the Northern (*North British*) review. That it did not emerge in the full blaze of English notoriety is easily accounted for by the apathy of the Southern Universities and the Southern reviews to anything like abstract speculation. But a literary success, even had it been much more decisive than it was, would by no means have satisfied Professor Ferrier. His aim was an ambitious one. He aspired after a philosophical success. He desired to be known as the author of a new system. More than this, he believed himself the inventor of the only possible system of thought. Speculation, before the publication of the *Institutes* in 1854, had weltered in chaos till the Newton of metaphysics came and revealed the true law of the cosmos. All our library of modern philosophers might be burnt as rubbish, as vain guesses at deciphering a long-lost hieroglyphic, as worthless as Egyptian before Champollion. With such a fond estimate of his achievements no ordinary success would have satisfied Professor Ferrier. The reception of his *Theory of Knowing and Being* disappointed him as much as, or more than, his exclusion from a chair in the University of Edinburgh. To this last distinction he was undoubtedly entitled. Though he chose an inopportune moment—the moment of his own defeat—for his pamphlet on the necessity of a change in the patronage of the University of Edinburgh, yet the opinion of all competent judges went with him in his strictures on the exercise of that patronage. It will be easily understood that this observation is not levelled at any individual, least of all at the eminent Professor who obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy against Ferrier in 1854. Any University may well envy Edinburgh the possession of Professor Fraser. Ferrier, who suffered from this state of things, was but denouncing a system of patronage which Sir W. Hamilton, who had enjoyed its favours, could not but denounce with equal emphasis. More mortifying than the loss of the Edinburgh chair must have been the sense that his philosophical aim had fallen short, that no revolution in philosophy was likely to follow the publication of his theory, that, instead of the place of a Descartes or a Kant, he must content himself with the humbler position of a Stewart or a Reid.

Notwithstanding this, the *Institutes of Metaphysic* will long remain one of the most readable books in the philosophical literature of our language. It is thoroughly clear and intelligible. In not a single page, paragraph, or sentence is there ever a doubt as to what the author meant to say. Its style has not indeed the graceful charms of French philosophical exposition, but that is the fault of the language, not of the writer. It is an interesting book, and none can be better adapted for recommendation to a student whom we desire not to disgust by the elaborate obscurities in which most modern English writers on these subjects are involved. The "Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness," which makes up a large portion of the present publication, has the same merit of intelligibility. Every step is made good as we go on. We have not the uncomfortable feeling of leaving behind us much which is only half apprehended. Indeed, this "Introduction" may be substituted, in the hands of a beginner, for the *Institutes*. It is but an earlier draft of the "Theory." The *fond* of both the treatises is the same; his system, he tells De Quincey, like a telescope, shutting up short, or pulling out long, at pleasure.

The Lectures on Greek Philosophy, which make up Vol. I., will not satisfy readers who have explored those recesses by the light of German research. But these lectures have the same admirable lucidity for which the modern parts of the book are distinguished. Their fault is that the interpreter imports into the problem his own modes of thinking. Instead of letting us see what the Greeks actually said, the lecturer is busy in finding in Pythagoras and Plato an echo of his own thoughts. His process is just the process of modern commentators on the Bible, who, in lieu of thinking of what St. Paul wrote, are busy in looking in his words for confirmation of some pet doctrine of their own. Professor Ferrier lays down in his introduction to this course on Greek Philosophy the principle which is also the foundation of his *Institutes*, that philosophy is the search for truth absolute, as opposed to truth relative; absolute truth being explained to mean truth which is such for all intelligence. This is the one category into which, as into a strait-waistcoat, he forces the whole history of Greek Philosophy. He extracts from the long course of this history just so much

\* Lectures on Greek Philosophy, and other Philosophical Remains of James Frederick Ferrier, B.A., Oxon, LL.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews. Edited by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D., and G. L. Lushington, M.A. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1866.

meaning as the pressure of this one idea can force from that history. The Pythagorean numbers, *e.g.*, are thus treated:—

It seems, at first sight, a marvellous piece of foolishness that a philosopher should ascribe to empty unsubstantial number a higher degree of reality than he allows to the bright and solid objects which constitute the universe of matter. The apparent paradox is resolved when we consider the kind of truth which the philosopher is in quest of. He is not searching for truth as it presents itself to intellects constituted in a particular way, furnished, for example, with such senses as ours. If that were what he was in quest of, he would very soon find what he wanted in the solid earth and the glowing skies. But that is not what he is in quest of. He is seeking for truth as it presents itself to intellect universally—*i.e.* to intellect not provided with human senses. And this being his aim, he conceives that such truth is to be found in the category of number, while it is not to be found in stocks and stones, and chairs and tables, for these are true only to some minds, that is, to minds with human senses; but the other is true to all minds whatever senses they may have, and whether they have any senses at all or not. Slightly changed, the line of Pope might be taken as their motto by the Pythagoreans. "We think in numbers, for the numbers come." They come whether we will or not. Whatever we think, we think of under some form either of unity or multiplicity. Number seems to be a category of reason and universality. This explanation relieves the Pythagorean principle from all tincture of absurdity, and renders it intelligible, if not convincing. Admit that truth and reality are rather to be found in what is true for all minds than in what is true for some minds; and admit, further, that number is true for all minds, and that material things are true not for all minds, but only for minds with senses, and what more is required to prove that truth and reality are rather to be found in number than in material things?—Vol. I. p. 77.

The children's proverb says, "he who hides can find." Was there ever a neater instance of first putting something in and then taking it out, and saying you found it there? It is hiding a sixpence of Queen Victoria under the ruins of a Greek temple, and then digging it out, and labelling it in your museum, "Italic. 6th cent. n.c."

It would be unjust to the memory of a man of genius to conclude without reminding our readers that after all it was not in writing, but in teaching, that that genius found its fittest employment. The two faculties which have been specified as eminently possessed by Professor Ferrier, the metaphysical intuition and the lucid exposition, when put together are alone sufficient to qualify a teacher of philosophy. He knew that the teacher's business is far less to get his views accepted by the learner, than to rouse his own activity of thought. In this Professor Ferrier was eminently successful. There was no drawback on the teacher's power, whatever there may have been on the product of the thinking of the speculator. His view of his duty was "not to manufacture thought for others, but to excite thought in others, to stimulate the powers of inquiry, and brace the higher functions of the intellect." This he did, not by drilling and inculcating truth, but by making the student, as it were, a party to the investigation. He conducted his thinking in such a way that all the springs and movements of it were visible. The impulse was got by sympathy and contagion. The cordiality and frankness of his manner invited intellectual companionship. Unfortunately, this is an endowment which passes away with the breath of him who exercises it. A book can do nothing towards perpetuating it. It is an act of piety, which we discharge with a sad sense of the transient nature of some of the highest gifts of intellect, to cast our stone upon the heap which the memories of affectionate pupils have raised to their high-minded and loved teacher.

#### THE GAY SCIENCE.\*

THE somewhat enigmatical title of this book is not so inappropriate as it seems at first sight. No one, indeed, could have guessed from it that Mr. Dallas was aspiring to lay the foundations of a new science of criticism, and to solve profound psychological problems. But it indicates fairly enough the view which Mr. Dallas takes of his own task. He is a philosopher of the jaunty school, who skips lightly from topic to topic, spices his metaphysics with anecdotes, and ventures to relieve scientific terminology by downright slang. We have no objection to this, so long as his facetiousness is tolerably good, and his reasoning not intolerably flimsy. Of the former we may at once make a fair report. Mr. Dallas is rather too desperately vivacious, too doggedly determined to avoid dullness at any price; he occasionally becomes digressive, and sometimes has a touch of vulgarity. He reminds us too often of those anecdotal writers who publish little collections about the first cousins of English kings, or the curiosities of London cookshops. The following is rather out of place in a psychological treatise:—"While the child (Milton) is crying in his nursery, we can hear from a house hard by—none other than the Mermaid in the self-same street—the crashing laughter of the wits, who, over the brimming sack and the foaming tankard, re-echo the rattling wit of Shakespeare and the heavy cannonade of Ben Jonson," &c. &c., and so on for four or five pages; after which Mr. Dallas is obliged to stop and ask, "The point of all this?" The point seems to be that Milton was a Cockney, and had many remarkable contemporaries; but it might have been conveyed with less of the flashy style of a sham antiquary. Mr. Dallas does not often sink so low as this; and we would willingly forgive him if his philosophy were sound. To express metaphysical theories in the vernacular is not seldom to expose their emptiness. We have had enough to do with pedantic verbosity to be thankful for a little plain English; and we would only ask that one danger should be avoided—namely, that of

being misled by the slipshod way in which most people apply common language to such subjects. We should at worst have a sense of negative gratitude from the fact that blunders are more easily detected when stripped of their customary pompous phraseology.

To judge of Mr. Dallas's qualifications for psychological inquiry, we must enter a little into his theory on art. He is himself perfectly satisfied with it, and lays down the law as to the rights of the great Mill and Hamilton controversy in easy confidence. Indeed a certain audacity of handling, a trick of throwing out little cut and dried theories accounting for everything and anything at a moment's notice, is characteristic of the book throughout. They are put forward with a cheerful complacency which tempts us to challenge their soundness. We will endeavour to attend to the main argument of the book, avoiding Mr. Dallas's light-hearted solution of various difficult but irrelevant problems.

Mr. Dallas states the different theories which have been put forward by previous philosophers, and gives reasons for rejecting such doctrines as that art is the manifestation of the True or the Beautiful. We are not disposed to take up the argument in favour of any such incomplete and often unintelligible doctrines. Nor will we dispute Mr. Dallas's own doctrine, that the end of art is pleasure. We will merely observe that this, if true, gives no definition of art; any more than the parallel doctrine, that the end of morality is happiness, is sufficient to determine what is morality. We require to have some limitation as to the means which art employs, or as to the particular intellectual faculties which it should gratify. It is obvious that there are many modes of producing pleasure, and many varieties of pleasure, which no one would think of classifying amongst the aims or methods of art. We have still to determine the specific difference which decides that a certain number of pleasurable things give an artistic pleasure; we must show what is the distinction between the pleasure of drinking beer, or solving a mathematical problem, and that of listening to music. Hence it is not an "inevitable inference that criticism is the science of the laws and conditions under which pleasure is produced"; this is, on the contrary, a palpable misstatement. Criticism is, at most, merely a subordinate branch of that at present non-existent science; and it would be equally true to say that historical criticism was the science of discovering truth, instead of merely the science of discovering the value of certain kinds of evidence. The science of pleasure, if it were formed, would of course supply some material data for a theory of art; and if Mr. Dallas can investigate the wider problem he has undertaken, he will certainly have performed a useful task. We will, therefore, try to follow his reasoning process, which is somewhat remarkable. In a chapter called "the Agreement of the Critics," he glances jauntily at a large part of European literature, and arrives at one of those neat little summaries which affect to give an inference from facts, but are really far too pat to be trustworthy. They have the merit that they cannot be answered without taking in still wider considerations than those on which they profess to repose. "All schools of criticism," he says, "describe art as the minister of pleasure," but each may regard it differently. "The Greek dwells on the truth of it; the Italian on its profit. The Spaniard says it is pleasure of the many; the Frenchman says it is of the few. The German says that it comes of play; the Englishman that it comes of imagination; but all with one voice declare pleasure as the end of art." Assuming, for it is not worth while to dispute, that these national characteristics are correctly given, Mr. Dallas further assumes that the English definition is by far the most important; and he proceeds to ask what is meant by imagination. He has no difficulty in showing that the word has many acceptations, and that it is doubtful whether the imagination can be called in any sense a distinct faculty of the mind. Its relations to memory and to the reason are complicated and difficult to unravel. He proceeds to cut the knot in these words:—"I propose this theory, that the imagination is not a special faculty, but that it is a special function. It is a name given . . . to what may not unfitly be called the Hidden Soul." Passing over the more natural inference that the imagination is a name given to many different faculties or functions, we proceed to ask what is the Hidden Soul?

Here Mr. Dallas has found a suitable bit of metaphysics ready made to his hand, but slightly modified by himself. He adopts Sir W. Hamilton's favourite doctrine about unconscious modifications of the mind. He recalls the obvious fact that our memories retain many things which are not present to our minds, and quotes such curious cases as the well-known lady who talked Breton in her sleep which she had forgotten when awake. Next come the common cases of association where the intermediate links have dropped out. Another class of phenomena is that of unconscious reasoning—of the automatic performance of various muscular actions when our minds are employed on other tasks, and of curious calculations worked out, or sermons written, in sleep. The cases, and the comments upon them, are familiar enough to all readers of Sir W. Hamilton. We need only remark that many of them, especially those connected with memory, are naturally explicable on totally different grounds from any unconscious working of the mental faculties. Mr. Dallas adds, on his own account, a third class of unconscious actions; and he describes what he calls "the hidden life" of the passions. "Love," he observes, "is a blind god, and Shakespeare says it has no conscience—a word which in his time had the sense of consciousness, besides that which it now bears." Shakespeare has been quoted for many purposes, but this is certainly one of the most

\* *The Gay Science*. By E. S. Dallas. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.



singular appeals to his authority that we remember. That love is blind in the sense of being uncontrollable by reason, we may all admit; but to say that it is blind, in the sense that we are not conscious of its existence, sounds very much like nonsense; and the assertion that "love catches the lover like a fever and rides him like a destiny," does not seem to us to mend the matter. This is, however, only a specimen of some very curious tricks which Mr. Dallas plays with the dangerous word "consciousness." We now find that "the Hidden Soul," according to Mr. Dallas, is charged with all the contents of our memory not actually present to our minds, that it performs all the operations of which we are either unconscious at the time, or which we instantaneously forget (for either explanation is possible), and that it is also the seat of all, or nearly all, our passions. This last assertion is partially explained by Mr. Dallas's further remark, that "passion is quite capable of error. It makes huge mistakes; but I know not that it makes more mistakes than the more conscious forces of the mind." That love may mislead the reason is obvious; but how love can be said to "make a mistake" itself is rather unintelligible. In Mr. Dallas's analysis of the mind, it seems that we must have several reasons; one which reasons about abstract questions, and another which reasons about the object of our passions. This last it is which forms part of "the Hidden Soul."

If Mr. Dallas chooses to identify this hidden soul with the imagination, he may of course do so; he is giving a very odd significance to an old term; but philosophers would be greatly hampered if they might not twist new meanings out of old words. We will, therefore, assume that the imagination means the obscure function of any mental faculty. To do a sum when awake is the work of the reason; to do it when asleep is the work of the hidden soul. When we remember a name distinctly, we employ the memory; when it half eludes us, we are employing the Hidden Soul. We are not surprised to find that our Hidden Soul has a very large province allotted to it, and that the life which lies "beyond consciousness" is vaster than that within. It further appears that this life is "automatic" or "involuntary," and from this point of view may be defined as "the Play of Thought." The bearing of these theories upon the questions discussed is as follows. The duty of the artist is to appeal to the Hidden Soul, and to reach the unconscious part of us through the conscious. "The object of art is pleasure—a sensible enjoyment of the world beyond consciousness." And various quotations are given to show that good poetry has a certain magical power, and, as Lord Macaulay says of Milton's writings, "acts like an incantation." The incantation is in fact an appeal to the unconscious part of the soul.

The truths at which Mr. Dallas is here endeavouring to aim seem to be obvious enough. The "magical" influence of poetry depends upon the fact, so often discussed by writers on psychology, that images may become pleasant by association, after the associated ideas have been partly or quite forgotten. Milton's use of proper names is a well-known example of the power of dimly exciting whole trains of association. Mr. Dallas's elaborate apparatus of a Hidden Soul makes this familiar phenomenon no clearer, if not much darker. So far it is useless; it is also an encumbrance, for it is impossible to suppose that everything which gives pleasure to the hidden soul is poetical; and still more that everything which is poetical depends for its poetry upon the Hidden Soul. All dim recollections belong to the Hidden Soul. A faint recollection of a good dinner may be excited by the sight of a bill of fare; but the bill of fare is not therefore a poem. On the other hand, many poems are effective in proportion to the brilliancy and distinctness of the images. Hence, the Hidden Soul—or, in other words, the presumed unconscious action of our faculties—has a very indirect bearing upon artistic questions. Nor do we get much further by Mr. Dallas's other assertion that its operations are automatic or involuntary. When we turn over the pages of a book, the operation is, we may assume, automatically performed. Now Professor Owen, says Mr. Dallas, constructed a saurian by a conscious process of reasoning, whereas a dramatist constructs a character unconsciously. If our Hidden Soul acts quite unconsciously, it is a natural inference that its acts arise spontaneously. But it is absurd to say that a dramatist composes "unconsciously," in the sense in which some of our actions are automatic. It is true enough that his images occur to him in obedience to some undefinable laws of association, in the same way as expedients occur to the mathematician, or analogies to the comparative anatomist. He cannot regulate the working of his mind on a fixed system, nor can any of us on any occasion. But he is keenly conscious, because his attention must be strongly stimulated, and his faculties concentrated by an effort of the will. So far from a spontaneous and unconscious action, we should say that the artist's mind must be as consciously and voluntarily employed as that of other intellectual workers. An artist's work should be spontaneous in the sense of being a free expression of sentiments which naturally occur to him; but it cannot be spontaneous in the sense of being produced without an effort of the will.

Mr. Dallas, however, has not yet done with his Hidden Soul. It has still another task to perform. Mr. Dallas arrives at the conclusion, by an argument which we need not follow, that the pleasure of art is either dramatic or beautiful. In our opinion, he would find it extremely difficult to maintain the distinction in the way he puts it. At any rate, if this conclusion were all, he would evidently fall into a theory scarcely distinguishable from that previously repudiated, as to art being the manifestation of the Beautiful; the Hidden Soul would be left with no work to do. As it is, it is rather awkward patch-

work. The Beautiful, says Mr. Dallas, means something indefinable. It is "the correlative of pure pleasure"—whatever that may be; but its relation to pleasure is so uncertain, that to admit it is in effect nothing more than to give a different criterion of art from that upon which the treatise professes to rest. Nor have the Beautiful, or the Dramatic, anything to do with the Hidden Soul. Mr. Dallas's great contrivance for bringing this agency to work is once more by an improvement upon Sir W. Hamilton. Sir W. Hamilton says, and most people would agree with him, that "it is of the very essence of pleasure and pain to be felt, and there is no feeling out of consciousness." Mr. Dallas, on the contrary, makes the important discovery that there is such a thing as "unconscious pleasure." He proves it by insisting upon the commonplace that people, when happy, are said to be "unconscious" in popular language; that is, they think little of themselves, which is a totally different thing from being unconscious in any strict sense. To confuse consciousness with "self-consciousness" is little better than a verbal quibble. This Mr. Dallas calls a "mild" statement of the doctrine; and he admits that, when stated strictly, it is difficult of acceptance. He attempts to prove it by talking about "the Indian doctrine of Nirvana," and the pleasure of sound sleep. We need not argue as to the logic of this, nor as to whether a man can be properly said to be unconscious when his intellect is as vacant as it can be, and his senses are impressed by a pleasant warmth or softness. It is the application to poetry with which we are concerned. Mr. Dallas states that besides the Dramatic and the Beautiful, there is a third element of art, and that the most vital, which he calls the "Weird." He quotes the ballad of the "Twa Corbies" as a specimen of a piece which is neither beautiful nor dramatic, but weird; and we discover that what he means by "weird" is that which excites an awe of the vague and unknown. Here, again, we are puzzled by Mr. Dallas's notions about consciousness, and the connexion between his theory and its application. If the "Twa Corbies" sent us to sleep, or excited an unconscious pleasure, it might perhaps be a proof of its power, though in the last case we should still require explanation as to how the unconscious pleasure becomes conscious. But what Mr. Dallas means is plainly, not that we are unconscious, but that we are conscious of a dread, the object of which is vague. If art excites in us a pleasant image of the awe of ghosts felt by a child in the dark, it is said to be "weird"; but the awe, we need hardly say, is consciously felt, though we may have shadowy notions as to ghosts. It is quite true, and has been often remarked, that one great source of the power of art over our imaginations is to suggest dim visions of the unseen and infinite; but this obvious truth is in no way affected by the doctrine, whether sound or nonsensical, of hidden pleasure. Mr. Dallas had better drop this foolish paradox, even at the price of leaving the Hidden Soul out of work.

It will be seen that we think little of Mr. Dallas's philosophy. In truth, it seems to us that, if the whole were cut out, there would still remain a mass of disorganized material, which might be hung together more effectually upon some other thread. As two volumes of rambling criticism, the work is amusing enough, although a too free consumption of Sir W. Hamilton has produced an unfortunately distracting effect. Of the various suggestions thrown out at random by Mr. Dallas, some seem to be smart enough, and are pleasantly conveyed; but it seems equally obvious that they are mere guesses, not seriously digested thoughts. Mr. Dallas, to take a trifling case, seems to be pleased by the discovery that reflected colour is to painters what metaphor is to poetry—metaphor being "the transfer to one object of the qualities observed in another." This is really a definition not of a metaphor but of a blunder. Metaphor is not "a transfer of qualities," but the indication of a likeness. Nor can reflected colour be called a transfer of qualities any more correctly. The colour of every object depends upon the light which falls upon it, and it changes in every change of position; whether the colour comes from the sun directly or indirectly can make no difference. The colour is no invariable quality of the object, but a resultant of various causes. Mr. Dallas's statement on this point is a specimen of slipshod thinking. A similar mis-statement is coupled with a repetition of this error in the remark, not a very important one, that there are "fictions" in sense, as well as in art; because a square lying on a table looks like a rhomboid. What is really meant is, that equal lines subtend different angles to the eye when their positions are altered; but in what possible shape is this a "fiction"? Why should not a square in one position look like a rhomboid in another? Sense gives us certain data upon which our reason has to put constructions, but the possibility that we may put wrong constructions if we reason badly does not prove that sense provides us with fictions. We merely take this as a specimen of the loose language which Mr. Dallas permits himself upon small and easily appreciable topics, thereby suggesting that we cannot depend with much confidence upon his excursion into fields of inquiry needing wider generalizations and closer reasoning. And, in truth, the more we have looked into his argument, the less it bears investigation. If it be a compliment to say of a work on psychological inquiry that it is flippant, but amusing, we can pay it conscientiously; but if we are asked for our opinion as to its soundness or depth, we must reply that it seems to us to be of a singularly flimsy and unsatisfactory texture.

## THE WORLD BEFORE THE DELUGE.\*

THE new edition of M. Figuier's popular work is headed by a promise which we are sorry to find imperfectly fulfilled. A "careful revision" of the text is announced. And, so far as what are mildly called "some inaccuracies that had crept into the previous version" are concerned, the more palpable blunders have been rectified. But what has become of the further undertaking that "statements of fact" should be found corrected or remodelled "so as to represent more precisely the present state of scientific opinion"? With what object are we told once more that "the purpose of the work is to give the general reader a summarized account of the results at which science has arrived, and of the method of reasoning regarding those generalizations," if the import of the notice is to be neutralized by the retention, in all their absurdity, of those elements of fiction which could only excite the contempt of all qualified readers? Was this poor modicum of scientific fidelity worth the pains of a Fellow of the Royal Society? Is it fair towards the ignorant or the unwary to throw over the attempt so much of the halo of authority as may be supposed by such innocents to lurk under the parade of a connexion with the Geological Survey, not to speak of the dedication to Sir Roderick Murchison? There is something new to us in the amazing plea that, in a work of such scientific pretensions, it would be "out of place, as well as ineffective, to obscure general statements with those limitations which caution imposes on the scientific investigator." We are puzzled whether to consider a piece of special pleading such as this from a logical or an ethical point of view. Philosophy might indeed enter its protest against the dictum that the limitations of caution are "out of place" in a summarized account of the results of science. It is, however, still more as a matter of literary candour and straightforwardness that we are struck with the admission that it would be "ineffective" to observe those limits. We take for granted that the only kind of detriment apprehended from this source is that which would affect the literary or artistic efficiency of the work from the author's point of view. There is otherwise a sense in which we might conceive so strict a purgation of the book to have been "ineffective" indeed. How much of the sensation which it is understood to have produced would have remained after the excision of M. Figuier's glowing narratives of the various deluges, or the toning down of M. Riou's startling illustrations? What would have been the effect upon a sale which has been publicly stated to have reached five-and-twenty thousand copies? Of the influence which the work has thus succeeded in gaining over so many readers in England and France, how much has been due to the "demonstrated facts" for which it may claim the merit of accuracy? how much to the magic of those bits of hypothesis or imagination which the preface blandly terms "more or less inferential, and, therefore, matters of individual opinion"? In one respect we are convinced that M. Figuier is admirably adapted to the mission he has set himself, as steward of the mysteries of nature to those who love knowledge highly spiced with entertainment or wonder. He has successfully grasped the spirit of the age. The craving for sensation has absorbed well nigh every department of thought and taste. There are signs that it has almost had its run in novels. It is time for it to take its turn in science.

We are far from denying that M. Figuier's work contains a great deal of excellent matter. The care bestowed upon it by Mr. Bristow has secured for the English version a technical precision which, in by far the greater part of the volume, has toned down the exuberance of the original. In those portions in which the author deals with ascertained facts, or with theories resting upon positive observation, there is little beyond a characteristic flightiness of style to prevent its being taken as a safe and instructive manual enough. Though no one would compare it for a moment with that of Sir Charles Lyell in point of originality, fulness, or philosophical depth, it puts what is known of the earth's structure and growth in what will appear to the generality of readers even an easier and a more attractive form. In its plan and method of arrangement it seems to us decidedly superior. Instead of starting from the existing superficial aspect of the earth's crust, and tracing downwards, step by step, in the order of stratification, the proofs of its earlier organization, M. Figuier takes for his starting-point the rudimentary or chaotic state in which our planet may be supposed to have existed prior to the first traces of organization, and follows in their historical succession the stages through which organic life has since been developed. His design is that of a physical history of the earth. And this is a task in which the existing state of scientific knowledge enables a sober and conscientious inquirer to proceed with a firm step, within certain well-defined limits. So long, too, as he is content to submit to these limits, we have no fault to find with M. Figuier's statement of facts and hypotheses. But then he is not yet himself. It is when he comes to hypotheses of his own that he at once throws himself, consciously or not, amongst that class who are ever ready to rush in where angels fear to tread. Here he has found a congenial or a subservient second in the draughtsman who has furnished his "ideal representations." In a pictorial Bible we are prepared for the customary "first man." But M. Doré himself is outdone by the present frontispiece. We should scarcely have expected in a scientific work the gentlemanly fair-skinned personage in bathing-dress, his still fairer and more refined helpmate

and child not having even arrived at that primeval stage in the history of costume. We thought ethnologists generally taught us that the primitive spouse was earlier than her lord to cloak her nakedness. But it is in the ideal landscapes of the Deluge that both author and artist have put forth their strength. And, in that fall from the sublime to the ridiculous which is proverbially rapid, M. Figuier in his description cannot be termed the least headlong of the two. Albeit his title points by implication to a single deluge, his imagination carries him on to two, and eventually three. There was the European deluge and the Asiatic. The European deluge, however, soon resolves itself into two, both taking place during the quaternary epoch, prior to the appearance of man. The cataclysmal theory which had so long been banished from scientific parlance here reappears in a form which makes the geology of the late Dean Cockburn of York seem timid and pale by comparison. A tremendous wave was caused in the North of Europe by the sudden upburst of the mountains of Norway. To have anything like the effect ascribed to it, this terrific upheaval must have been the work of a few hours at most. Tilting up the basin of the Northern Ocean, it sent its glacial waters flying in a gigantic wave over Sweden, Norway, European Russia, and the North of Germany, "sweeping before it all the loose soil on the surface, and covering the whole of Scandinavia—all the plains and valleys of Northern Europe—with a mantle of shifting soil." Torn from their parent beds, enormous blocks of glacier ice were hurried along on the crest of this spreading billow. "The shock produced by the collision of these several solid blocks of frozen water would only contribute to increase the extent and intensity of the ravages occasioned by this violent cataclysm, which is represented in Plate XXX." No pen of ours can do justice to the horrors of M. Riou's plate. All we can make out is a fleet of thick ribbed masses, in shape not unlike the disjointed aisles of some icy cathedral, topheavy with vast boulders, being hurled on the crests of breakers sheer down a terrific abyss on the very verge of a low shore covered with pines.

For the second European deluge we are left to the unaided powers of M. Figuier's narrative. It is supposed to have been the result of a similar upheaval of the Alps. Everybody knows that this mountain-chain, like all rocks to any extent of sedimentary origin, affords proofs of a succession of unequal movements of upheaval and depression. But those effects which in the eyes of every geologist bear witness to the steady uniform action of ages must be compressed, for M. Figuier's purposes, into something not very much longer than the transformation scene of a play. "Broad tracks were at once hollowed out by the diluvial waves, forming the present valleys." Masses of pebbles, which seem to have been ground and rounded in no time, were flung down the valley of the Garonne, and formed the triple diluvial plateau on which now reposes Toulouse. As far as we can make out, it was the earlier of these tremendous waves to which we are indebted for the break-up of the glacial system of Scotland, the North of England, and Wales, and the instantaneous scattering of those granitic blocks which lie in boulders in counties many miles to the south. It was lucky perhaps for the human race—though philosophers have been known to doubt the conclusion so dogmatically laid down by M. Figuier—that mankind was not yet in existence to face the terrors of the glacial period. Nor was it till later than the third, or Asiatic, deluge that our Northern region received its first human denizen, unless there is some truth in the traditional claim of certain of our early clans to have had "a boat of their own." For M. Figuier stoutly holds by the theory of the universal destruction of the entire race, except the remnant stranded upon Mount Ararat. At the same time he is puzzlingly strict in the limits within which he confines the ravages of the Asiatic flood. Between the trammels of orthodoxy and the demands of science his fancy seems to have been sorely put to it. The immediate cause of this catastrophe was the sudden upheaval of a part of the Caucasian chain. "Masses of watery vapour or steam accompanied the torrents of lava ejected from fissures in the surface, and, falling after condensation, drowned the plains in volcanic mud." Less than six weeks sufficed, we are to believe, to uprear "the volcanic cone of Ararat, with the vast plateau on which it rests, altogether 17,323 feet above the level of the sea." The odd thing is that the subsequent inundation is restricted to the mountains "bounded by the horizon," within which narrow circle the whole human race living at the time was packed. Yet the author sees no inconsistency in fortifying his theory by proofs of its effects as far as India and China. In point of time he seems tacitly to defer to the traditionally received standard, without, however, staying the flow of his fancy to reconcile this recent date with his previous acceptance of the remote antiquity of man, as deduced from the traces of his presence in the bone caves and breccias of an incomparably earlier formation. Great stress appears to be laid upon the mention by Confucius of the Chinese Emperor named Jao, by whom the waters were made to flow back, which, being "raised to the heavens, washed the feet of the highest mountains, covered the less elevated hills, and inundated the plains." Inspired by this remarkable piece of history, M. Figuier's artist has worthily seconded his master in the "Asiatic Deluge." In one tremendous wave, curling many miles high in the air, an avalanche of water is about to engulf the few remains of pyramids, towers, and hanging gardens that still rise above the floods, to the evident dismay of a couple of mastodons, the sole spectators of the catastrophe. In this amazing climax M. Figuier doubtless intends to show that he is master of nature in her

\* *The World before the Deluge.* By Louis Figuier. A New Edition, by Henry W. Bristow, F.R.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.



fiercest convulsions no less than in her most orderly and tranquil processes. By a happy union of imagination and scientific cramming he is enabled at a bound to seat himself in the throne of authority, far above all lesser or humbler powers in the realms of geological learning. With the creative power of genius he can summon up and hurl down a whole order of things at pleasure. He can see with equal eye, as lord of all in the science of nature, the first faint breathings of life upon the earth and its quick extinction under fire and flood; atomic organisms building up a world, to be in turn the sport of the titanic volcano and the raging waters of heaven:—

Atoms and systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world:

All this may be very magnificent, but it is not science. It may raise M. Figuier's name on high, and get him unnumbered readers among the ignorant, the excitable, or the superstitious, but it can do little or nothing for the advance of knowledge. And it can bring anything rather than credit upon an important branch of science to make such a parade of pretentious nonsense in juxtaposition with a certain amount of scientific matter, and under the prestige of scientific names.

#### GEMMA.\*

THIS last work of Mr. Adolphus Trollope's furnishes an "awful example" to novelists, for which the novel-reading public ought to be very grateful. *Gemma* has just missed being, if not exactly a very good, at any rate a very fair, readable novel, in consequence of the author's having deliberately sacrificed himself to one of the most popular—and at the same time, as it appears to us, one of the most vicious—theories about novel-writing that prevail in the present day. We refer to the strange but very common delusion that it is a great advantage to a writer of fiction to be able to assure his readers that the facts he narrates have actually occurred in real life—that the village apothecary is still alive who supplied the pretty bigamist with poison, or that a nightcap may be seen in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition with the hero's own blood, warranted, upon it. This theory reached perhaps the climax of its absurdity when, not long ago, a well-known authoress half-apologized for the harassing and repulsive character of the facts she described, but justified herself on the ground that they were strictly true. This would have been an admirable excuse if the lady had been giving evidence in a witness-box, or had been exposing the horrors of vivisection in the hope that public opinion would enforce their abolition. But it is obviously no sort of excuse for a novelist, unless indeed he can plead, like the Ancient Mariner, that he is under some mysterious and irrepressible impulse to tell his tale of woe. As an artist working in the regions of imagination, he has it in his power to select or invent whatever facts best suit his purpose, provided they be in due conformity to the laws of nature and the principles of his art. He is in no way concerned with the question whether or not they have taken place in real life. The singular fashion of insisting upon their actual occurrence is perhaps due to the present rage for wild and grotesque stories in which sensation is purchased at the cost of all ordinary notions of probability. A writer feels the necessity of somehow convincing his readers that his story is not the tissue of unnatural absurdities that it looks—just as a bad sign-painter is obliged to print, in staring capitals, the name of his picture, in order that you may not mistake a horse for an ass. If the mania for sensation lasts, it will probably become the fashion for a certain class of novelists to appear, with a long array of witnesses, before a magistrate, and solemnly prove the truth of all the statements which they advance. This system might indeed be troublesome in one way, but it would save a world of trouble in another. A novelist who could place on his title-page a magisterial certificate testifying that all he had written was strictly in accordance with fact, would not of course be expected to maintain that general semblance of conformity to the laws of nature which we now expect in a genuine work of art.

Without wishing to be uncharitable, we really cannot much regret that a novelist of Mr. Adolphus Trollope's standing has helped to bring this vicious theory into disrepute, even at serious cost to himself. The example he has furnished in *Gemma* can scarcely fail to read a salutary lesson to a swarm of smaller writers. He has spoiled what might have been a very fair novel by his adoption of the principle that it is a merit in a novelist to adhere closely to fact. He not only gives us carefully to understand that the principal events recorded in *Gemma* have really occurred, and that there are people still alive who well remember them, but on one occasion he even accounts—we might almost say apologizes—for the un-heroic conduct of his hero, by reminding us that he is "telling the tale as 'twas told to him," and that he cannot alter facts. And yet it is but very rarely that a novelist can expect to find in real life a series of incidents so well adapted for the purposes of fiction as those related in *Gemma*. The author has found ready-made to his hand all the materials of a first-class love story of the sensational kind. It is perhaps, on the whole, to his disadvantage, although Mr. Trollope apparently does not consider it so, that the scene is laid in Italy. Even so great an artist as George Eliot failed in *Romola* to make ordinary English readers feel a sufficient interest in the unfamiliar associations of a Continental town; and, although the fault of this failure may have been mainly chargeable

upon the readers, the writer himself was not wholly free from blame. She could not here and there resist the temptation to make too much use of the results of her historical research, all the more cherished perhaps from the conscientious study by which they were obtained; and the ordinary novel-reader resents what he considers an unjustifiable attempt to thrust information down his throat when he only asks to be amused. He goes to a novel simply and solely for entertainment, and has a fierce prejudice against being improved. This prejudice is constantly offended in *Gemma*. The author cannot for half a dozen pages together allow his readers to forget that they are under a foreign sky. He is perpetually treating them to little bits of history or antiquarianism, and sometimes cannot even refrain from disfiguring his style by piebald sentences—half English, half Italian. All this, we admit, may be designed to give the story a local colouring, and make the reader vividly realize the positions and characters to which he is introduced. There is, for instance, something less unnatural or improbable in the notion of a young Italian girl deliberately dooming a rival to slow death by poison, than in the notion of a young English girl committing such a crime. The passions of love and revenge flow in fiercer and more fervid currents under a southern than under a northern sun. And as this incident, with its tragic consequences, is the one upon which the interest of *Gemma* mainly turns, the author is so far right in never allowing English readers to forget that his characters are all Italian. He is, moreover, by this means occasionally enabled to escape from grave charges of inconsistency or improbability. Whenever one of his heroes or heroines performs an action in which it tests our faith to believe, he meets the difficulty by candidly admitting that no Englishman or Englishwoman could behave in such a way, but that the action is precisely what might be expected from an Italian. This effectually muzzles all critics who feel that they are less conversant with Italian history and character than one who has studied them so carefully as Mr. Trollope. We must ourselves confess, for instance, that we cannot quite comprehend how a young girl, fresh from convent-life, can play fast and loose with religion as coolly as does the heroine of this book—for, with all due deference to the author, we have no hesitation in saying that Dianora, the wicked young lady, is the real heroine of the book, though Gemma, the good young lady, gives it her name. Dianora, when she has half-poisoned Gemma, and begins to have uncomfortable doubts as to whether it is quite right to poison her altogether, goes to church or confession, just as the fancy takes her, and when she thinks that she would like a little priestly advice or spiritual consolation. But we are expressly told by the author that these doubts as to the propriety of her conduct have no connexion whatever with religious feeling; that, in fact, it never occurs to her to consider how far murder, of the most cold-blooded treacherous type—since she affects to be her rival's faithful friend—is a crime in the eyes of God. If in Italy convent-bred girls can make this convenience of religion, of what unspeakable comfort and use it must be to veteran sinners, whom time and experience have taught to get their consciences under thorough control! Dianora is nearly eighteen, or we might perhaps refer her conduct to the theory, ingeniously propounded by the *Times* about Constance Kent, that young ladies not long in their teens are prone to consider homicide justifiable on somewhat inadequate grounds. As it is, we must, for want of a better explanation, accept the author's statement that this is how young ladies manage things in Italy. He voluntarily admits, like a true patriot, that they behave better in England, and we do not feel bound to fight with him about a foreigner.

But whether it be or be not, on the whole, to the author's advantage that the scene of the tragedy, which he has been at the pains to unearth, should be laid in Italy, there can be no doubt that, in other respects, the story supplies just the materials that a novelist wants. The two heroines are most effectively contrasted in point of beauty and of character, and they are both madly in love with the same hero, who, having grown up to manhood as the affianced lover of one, suddenly, and not over courteously, deserts her for the other. Hence the slow poisoning which we have already discussed, and for which there is as good a regulation villain all ready to hand as any that could have been expressly made to order—a clever unscrupulous doctor, passionately devoted to Dianora, for whose sake he joins in the conspiracy to poison Gemma, the only daughter of a near friend and ally. There is the rich foolish uncle to be made a convenient tool of, and the heavy father to join the hands of the lovers. There is even the familiar hag who deals in poisons, love-philtres, and other charms, and lives in a romantic malaria-stricken spot, which it taxes all the ingenuity of the heroine to find excuses for visiting, and in which she narrowly escapes being most grossly outraged. It would spoil sport to tell whether Gemma is more than half-poisoned, and what becomes of the villain, or which of the heroines fails to fulfil her natural destiny by marrying the hero. As the story is a true one, he cannot well be married to both; but this barrier to bigamy is of little importance, since the scene is not laid in England. The interest is on the whole fairly sustained—surprisingly so, considering the prolixity with which the story has to be spun out into three volumes; and the conclusion takes the reader by surprise—a very rare event, most persons will admit, in this novel-reading age.

By using these materials freely, altering wherever it seemed to suit his purpose, and boldly drawing upon his imagination for the details wanted to give fullness to the story and sufficient scope

\* *Gemma*. A Novel. By T. Adolphus Trollope, Author of "La Beata," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

for the exhibition and development of character, a writer of inferior powers to Mr. Trollope might have turned out a far better novel than *Gemma*. But it seems in an evil hour to have occurred to him that he had better adhere closely to the original story, in order that he might enjoy the barren triumph of assuring his readers that it is strictly true. There is, in consequence, not only a waste of good material, but a still more pitiable waste of force. The characters are clearly conceived and vigorously drawn. Each is referred, in the spirit of a philosophical student of human nature—one who knows man, and not merely men—to its appropriate generic type. But after they have been thus elaborately brought within the reader's mental grasp, and he has made up his mind what sort of conduct to expect from them, he is astonished to find that most of them get little or no chance of exhibiting in action the qualities of which the author has so well set forth the theory. We are given, for instance, at the commencement of the first volume, characters of Gemma and the hero, drawn with so much skill and care that we naturally expect a series of actions, if not exactly great, at least eminently characteristic, from both of them. But when we close the third volume, all that we can remember about the hero's doings is that he fell in love at first sight with a very pretty girl—an exploit which it scarcely requires a hero to accomplish—and about the doings of the heroine, that, in addition to this feat of love, she has gone very meekly and resignedly through the unpleasant process of being slowly poisoned. It is highly probable, we admit, that this is all that Mr. Trollope himself knows about them; and, as a conscientious man, careful to "tell the tale as 'twas told to him," he did not think it right to add anything he did not know. But then why spread over three volumes a tale so meagre that it would be difficult without prolixity to make it fairly fill one? The three are produced by tactics which, despite their ingenuity, are positively painful to contemplate. Nearly a hundred of the opening pages are taken up in telling us how two school-girls got into a scrape for putting pitch into the chair of their dancing-mistress, and this minute description has not even the excuse of being humorous. The author, uncomfortably conscious of this painful prolixity, tries to defend it by explaining that the apparently trivial episode of the be-pitched dancing-mistress has an extraordinary influence upon all the facts, warranted real and true, of his story. If the gardener had not left the pitch unprotected, Dianora could not have played the trick which caused her to be locked up, which prevented her dining with the hero, which made him dine with Gemma's papa, which led to his falling in love with Gemma, which made Dianora take to poisoning, which induced Mr. Trollope to write a novel. In like manner, we have seen it explained that, if Robespierre's shoe-string had not come untied at a certain spot, there would never have been a French Revolution. But would this remarkable fact, assuming its truth, justify an elaborate history, covering, say, a hundred pages, of how the string came to get into Robespierre's shoe? Mr. Trollope indeed urges, with more plausibility, that the conduct of the heroines in the little pitch-drama throws valuable light upon their characters. But then unluckily, as we have seen, after all this valuable light has been thrown upon her character, Gemma is given, to the reader's grievous disappointment, no further chance of displaying it. Dianora is better off, inasmuch as there is far more to do in poisoning than in being poisoned, and her part is throughout well sustained. The villanous doctor is equally fortunate. In fact, these two sinners come in for far more of the author's attention than all the saints put together, and it is but fair to add that, sinners as they are, they show their gratitude by making the novel very far from unreadable, despite the big blunder by which it is throughout spoiled.

#### GOLDEN TREASURY OF ANCIENT GREEK POETRY.\*

NEARLY a generation ago, there was a worthy tutor in one of the Colleges at Cambridge whose wont was before vacations to furnish his private pupils with strips of paper, at least a foot long, inscribed with the whereabouts of all the difficult and notable passages in the whole range of Greek literature. From his voluminous reading he was reputed to have at least a bowing acquaintance with the least known authors. And his wonderful lists must, no doubt, have been of use to competitors for scholarships, by giving them some acquaintance with every style, and with the peculiarities of writers the most diverse. The same result is attainable through the *Analecta*, *Collectanea*, *Anthologies*, and *Lyras* which from time immemorial have been in use at schools, and of which one of the objects is to insure that a fairly observant scholar shall not feel utterly strange to any passage that may be set him in an examination. We are not sure that the actual advantage of this class of books goes further than this, although the pleasure they afford as a sort of "Elegant Extracts" is a distinct recommendation of them. Indeed, we lean to the opinion of Professor Conington in, if we remember rightly, his inaugural lecture, that a student's wisest course is to read one author critically from end to end, whilst at the same time he runs more lightly, and almost without note-book, over other kindred authors. He advocates the mastery of whole authors with more or less exactness, while our Cambridge friend would have recommended, in preference, familiarity with a wider range of parts and passages. Perhaps there is much to be said on both sides. The latter plan is adapted to the Classical Tripos examinations; the former is

more in character with the requirements for a class in the "Literæ Humaniores" of Oxford. And both might with advantage be blended. So at least, it should seem, thought Mr. Wright, when he set himself to compile the well-printed, useful, and compendious "Thesaurus" which is just put forth as a firstfruit of the Clarendon Press Series. He cannot wish it to supersede the more thorough mastery of whole authors, which is, when attained, a life-long possession, and does more towards mental discipline than any cleverness in distinguishing between styles and authors; but he may not the less discern the need of such a volume as this Thesaurus to fill up the interstices of more laborious reading, and to supplement the *bonâ fide* study of a limited range with glances at the characteristic features of a wider one. Life is too short for reading everything; yet there is much in the field of Greek poetry which he who runs may read, but of which he who reads not misses the pleasure. Thus, in examining the present volume, we are constantly met by parallels, anticipations, originals (in some cases) of bright gems of our English poetry. For example, at page 99, Mr. Wright gives the beautiful fragment of Alcman beginning

ἔδουσιν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες,

which describes all nature, animate and inanimate, in the hush of sleep. Mr. Wright does not notice its resemblance to Wordsworth's "Sonnet on Westminster Bridge," wherein at early morn he contemplates sleeping life, "and all that mighty heart" yet "lying still." The coincidence may be accidental, or may be referable to what Mr. Dallas, in his *Gay Science*, terms the hidden work of memory; but one can hardly doubt that the germ of that fine passage in Tennyson's Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington which tells how "the toppling crags of duty" are "scaled" is to be found in a fragment of Simonides (20 ed. Schneidewin):—

ἔστι τις λόγος

τὴν Ἀρετὴν ναιὶν δυσανβήτους ἐπὶ πίπραϊς, κ.τ.λ.

a fragment which, by the way, should not have been omitted from a "Thesaurus Aureus." But to numberless anticipations of the happiest thoughts of later poetry, such collections as that before us are calculated to introduce those who would else be unaware of them. Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" has one of its conceits forestalled by a line of the epigram of Agathias (p. 337, vi.):—

εἰ γὰρ ἰπυψάσεις τοῖς χυδαῖν, οὐκίτι νήρειν  
ἐνθαρίε.

And when, in the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, we come on the line τῆς ἀχῆς, τῆς δὲ πᾶς προσιπτα μ' ἀφ' ἑγγύης (p. 143) we are mistaken if we do not recognise a similar interfusion of the two ideas of sound and smell to those which occur in famous passages of *Twelfth Night* and Milton's *Comus*. Indeed there is no better corrective to the error of prizing too highly our modern fancy and imagination than such a metaphorical bath in Helicon as a good book of extracts from Greek poetry will provide. It is not simply that Milton went to Theocritus for "Lycidas," and that Spenser and his successors made capital of the plaintive lines of Moschus (αἰ, αἰ, τὰι μαλ' ἀχαι, κ.τ.λ.) which Mr. Wright gives at p. 324; but the more this ocean is fathomed, the greater number of originals of thoughts commonly accounted modern will it give up. Nor will the trouble be repaid solely by the credit attaching to such discoveries, but also by the suggestive hint that, where the best of modern poets have borrowed images, their successors may creditably borrow likewise.

But the question more immediately before us is the aptitude of Mr. Wright's Thesaurus to serve the purpose of a modern "Lyra Græca." Does it surpass its predecessors? In many respects we think it will be found to do so. Its arrangement, for instance, is both original and handy; inasmuch as, while it divides Greek poets under four heads—Epic, Lyric, Dramatic, and Alexandrian (with which last are coupled the epigrammatists)—each of these compartments has its literary history briefly but suggestively written by way of preface to the short annotations which elucidate its contents; and each extract in every division has, where it is at all needed, a short argument prefixed to it. Add to this that each poet has his date affixed to the first of the extracts from his works, and that wherever the obscurity of a passage seems to call for it, a sketch of the connexion of sense and meaning furnishes the desired aid in a foot-note. The account of the rise of lyric poetry which precedes the second division is, to our thinking, admirably clear and succinct. The gradual transitions from the sustained continuity of the hexameter, first, to the elegiac, and next to the iambic and trochaic metres; and the distinction between the pure lyric, such as the alcaic and sapphic stanza, and the more complex and continuous rhythm of the choral odes, with their strophes, antistrophes, and epodes, and their accommodation to dancers and dance-music, are traced here with greater lucidity and skill than in any other text-book of like limits which we have met with. When Mr. Wright vindicates for Archilochus the credit of four capital changes in Greek poetry, as touching (1) metre, (2) subject, (3) diction, and (4) tone, or point (for he was undoubtedly the father of satire), we may perhaps be allowed to regret that so little is extant of the writings of a poet to whom so much influence is attributed. We have little fault to find with the selections, either as regards omission or insertion. One could, however, have welcomed more copious extracts from Hesiod, while those from the *Iliad*, which every one reads or ought to read, might be retrenched. But apparently Mr. Wright, on the authority of Pausanias, excludes the *Theogony*, which contains more than one fine passage, from the list of Hesiodic poems. Herein he

\* *The Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry*. By R. S. Wright, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1867.



"Literæ imago beata, when and com- firstfruit supersede is, when a mental styles and of such a laborious ted range . Life is e field of h he who e present originals For ex- gment of

the hush of o Words- early morn eart" yet e referable n work of that fine Wellington led" is to in):—

itted from ons of the at before aware of eyes" has Agathias

on the line mistaken if as of sound fth Night ve to the ation than racts from on went to ssors made (α, κ.τ.λ.) s ocean is commonly e repaid also by the borrowed

aptitude of ern "Lyra y respects instance, des Greek alexandrian a of these ggestively elucidate ere it is at each from his seems to meaning nt of our is, to our transitions the elegiac, distinction stanza, and odes, with mmodation er lucidity h we have the credit (1) metre, was un- allowed to o whom so d with the ould, how- t to read, the autho- tains more Herein he

may claim the countenance of Mr. Grote; but, confining himself to the "Works and Days," he might have been more liberal of extracts from the story of Pandora, and from the account of the ages or races of men. He should at any rate have printed the fable of the "Hawk and the Nightingale" (O. et D. 201, &c.), one of the oldest fables, it may be presumed, that are extant.

But the pith of such a book as this, if annotated, should be in the notes. And of the substance of the two hundred pages devoted to the interpretation of the selected texts we can scarcely speak in unqualified praise. A great deal of the matter of them looks like the sweepings of an undergraduate's note-book; and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press (*verbis audacia detur?*) must have been dreaming when they hoped to replenish their "till" by means of books eked out with such self-evident information as this:—

54. *ἰρισιμένοι μινῶντας*—"men eager to row."—P. 365.

56. "On the next day but one after they start" (*ἡμῆρι εὖν τριτάτῳ*).—P. 365.

13. *δέξωμαι*—"pledges."—P. 471.

47. *ἀλλ' εἰμὶ γὰρ δὴ*—"since now I must go."—P. 483.

And we observe a vast quantity of padding of equal value. We are at a loss to conceive for what sort of readers such very thin milk can have been intended; yet it would not be hard to point out, in the Homeric hymns, for example, that are offered to the reader, words needing annotation, such as *ἀναμνησέας* in the Hymn to Hermes (3) and *διε κῆτορ* in that to Dionysus (p. 91, 55), which are passed over without the slightest notice, though the first is but an emendation of Ruhnken for *ἀναπλήσας*, and the second is a puzzle to all commentators. Too much space is wasted upon what the merest tyro could discover almost without his lexicon, whilst there is little or no reference to grammars, and the few constructions that are explained are explained hazily. A clearance of needless notes would have made room for references, say, to Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, and also for satisfactory explanations of passages really difficult. Then light might have been thrown on the *δακτυλὸς ἀμεία* of Alcæus (102), and on *Λιγυσσάδη* as an appellation of Mimnermus, in the first fragment of Solon (p. 104). And we might have had something more to the purpose upon the line of Theognis, iv. 8, p. 107, *θωρηχθεὶς δ' ἔσται πολλὸν ἱλαρότερος*, than the barren words "*θωρηχθεὶς*, *drunk*." The dearth of humour in a writer who cannot see the punning paradox involved in this line is marvellous. If one were to construe *θωρηχθεὶς* separately, its equivalent would be "fortified." But read the line altogether with *ἱλαρότερος* instead of *ἱλαρότερος*, and the sense will be, "With such a breastplate you'll be much lighter"—i.e. "drink is a coat of mail that won't weigh heavily." "A load of wine," as Hookham Frere terms it, "will lighten your despair."

Nor do we quite discover the principle on which the text of disputed passages is settled in the *Thesaurus Aureus*. In the *Danae* and *Perseus* of Simonides, the sixth verse has given editors a world of trouble; but on one point most of them are agreed—that *ἦτορι* is inadmissible until a parallel passage exhibits *ἦτορι* in a declined form. The oldest reading was, *οὐ δ' αἰνταῖς ἱγλαθηρῶν δὲ θικνωσάσας*, which is nonsense. In Athenæus it is written *οὐ δ' αἰτε εἰς γαλαθηνῶν δ' ἦτορι κνώσας*, which is little better. But why need Mr. Wright, without note or reason, have printed Casaubon's *οὐ δ' αἰνταῖς γαλαθηνῶν τ' ἦτορι κνώσας*, where the difficulty as to *ἦτορι* is coupled with that of two verbs in the same line, signifying exactly the same thing? A better choice might have been made out of a score of various readings; none perhaps better than that of the present Rector of the High School, Edinburgh, who in his *Lyra Græca*, p. 201, by rearranging into words the letters of the text of Athenæus, and taking a hint for a substitute for *ἦτορι* out of the oldest reading, arrives at the intelligible line:—

*οὐ δ' αὖτ' ἐς γα λάθην ὠδῶν ταθείς*, κ.τ.λ.

And thou, again, stretched into forgetfulness at all events by my song, &c.

Again, upon Sept. c. Theb. 576, why need Mr. Wright have printed the spurious reading *καὶ τὸν σὺν αἰδὺς πρόσμορον ἀδελφεόν*, where he owns that one or other of the last words must be unsound, after Linwood's convincing support of Blomfield's emendation *προσμάδων ὁμόσμορον*? Or why, without giving some reason, did he (at Suppl. 101) hold to the reading *τὴν ἀπὸνον δαιμονίων*, when *πᾶν ἀπὸνον δαιμονίων* is so much more strongly backed? Sometimes indeed he runs into the other extreme. At Agam. 451 he would read *φλοισι πίμπυ βαρὺ ψῆγμα*, and not *βραχὺ*, as Schutz, Dindorf, and Paley do; and in justification of the adjective of his choice he conceives it to have a fourfold allusion—(1) to weight of gold-dust; (2) to full weight; (3) to weight of ashes, "ironicè"; and (4) to mourning. This is surely refining overmuch. *Βαρὺ* may well stand in its sense of "heavy," which is in itself two-edged, and purports as much as Æschylus intended. In minor points, too, we might join issue with Mr. Wright. In Soph. Antig. 432 *ἡμῶσα* is not, as he tells us in p. 451, "We set upon her," but "we set off." In Ajax 679, *γαίης ὀρέας ἰνθα*, κ.τ.λ. *γαίης* is not constructed with *ὀρέας*, but with *ἰνθα*, like "quo terrarum" in Latin.

Not but that Mr. Wright, in his better and more careful notes, often throws useful light upon obscure passages. There is skill and nice observation in his remarks on Trachiniae, 485, *ὅν αἰὶλα νόξ*, κ.τ.λ. (see p. 459), where he shows that the opening lines of the chorus are a combination of two appeals to the *rising* and the *setting* sun; and also in his note on the collocation of the adjectives in Æd. Col. 717. (See p. 473, note 44-6.) And it is a very bright

suggestion to substitute *Ἑρμῆς* for *Αἰδᾶς* in Alcestis 262, *ὅτ' ἄρ' ἔμελλε βαλεῖν πτερωτὸς Αἰδᾶς*, because in the death scene there are three stages—Charon calling Alcestis to the boat, a winged personage (and who better than Hermes?) leading her away, and Hades at hand to receive her.

These and similar good hits in various places (especially perhaps in Aristophanes) lead us to hope that in a second edition this well-intended, and in many respects well-executed, volume will be so revised and improved as to render the notes no less valuable a boon to scholars, young and old, than are the beautiful print, clear arrangement, and lucid introductions of the present edition.

#### AN EMBASSY TO MADAGASCAR.\*

IN 1862 Lieutenant Oliver, the author of this volume of sketches, was member of a diplomatic mission which Her Majesty's Government thought proper to send to Madagascar. The object of the mission was to congratulate King Radama on his accession to the throne, and generally to improve our acquaintance with the island, from which foreigners had been excluded during the persecuting reign of the previous sovereign. It was deemed fitting to give *éclat* to the affair by naming an officer of rank, Major-General Johnstone, as chief of the Embassy, and associating with him the Bishop of Mauritius; H.M.S. *Gorgon* being also appointed to convey the party from the Mauritius to Madagascar. The present volume contains several excellent views of Madagascar scenery, and the narrative, without telling much that is new about the island or its people, enables us to see what kind of thing is an embassy to an uncivilized, or, as Lieutenant Oliver describes it, semi-civilized country. The working of diplomacy in out-of-the-way places—what we may call diplomacy below stairs—is not altogether unworthy of study, and may be more entertaining than *la haute diplomatie* itself.

The Embassy of course was commissioned to deliver certain presents, in the name of our Queen, to the sovereign of Madagascar. Children and savages are most thoroughgoing in their selfishness, and there must be something tangible in the tokens by which their goodwill is conciliated. But nothing can save the business from ridicule when mere trinkets are given, and when a general and a bishop, with a host of officers *en suite*, proceeding to their destination in a vessel of war, are the bearers of the trifles. In this case, as in some others, the curious list of gifts reads like an extract from a pawnbroker's catalogue:—"A quarto family Bible, a scarlet silk umbrella, a silver gilt tankard and goblets, Wilkinson rifle, gold-mounted field-marshal's scimitar and sword-belt, a field-marshal's uniform complete, a full-length portrait of Her Majesty, and a set of musical instruments for a band of twenty-five performers." These gifts were, for the most part, intrinsically worthless to the intended donee, however calculated to appeal to the vanity of a savage; and if it was politic to go through the farce of presenting them, some obscure personage might have been selected to do the work. As it was, we were out-Heroded by the French Government, who actually sent a similar Embassy to the island, at the same time, in a fifty-gun frigate. It suits the comedy of the whole business that the diplomatic bodies throughout stood greatly on their dignity, both in their relations with the Malagassies and among themselves. At the very outset we hear that Mr. Consul Packenham was detained some time at Tamatave by a dispute with the Governor. He wished to hoist his flag, but the Governor would not let him do so without orders from the King, whereupon the Consul took offence, and declined to meet the Governor at all. How the difficulty was got over is not stated, but the Consul did get to the capital, where the British flag was suffered to be hoisted. The very day after the party arrived in the capital, diplomatic difficulty No. 2 came into view. The French representative, Commandant Dupré, had arrived first, and sent his card to the British envoy on the latter's arrival. The delicate question arose whether the British representative or his French colleague should first call on the other. The Frenchman held out for the equality of the offices they respectively filled, and maintained that, having been first to arrive, he should be first visited. General Johnstone, on the other hand, argued that Jules Dupré was only a "Capitaine de vaisseau," and, as Commodore, should rank as Brigadier—he himself being Major-General. This knot appears never to have been untied; but we observe that the officers of the two legations fraternized, irrespectively of the want of cordiality between their chiefs, whose quarrels were thus appraised at their real value by those on the spot. More serious "difficulties" were, however, in store.

The party remained for a month at the capital before the grand ceremony of the King's coronation took place, and various ceremonies occurred, of which the coronation and accompanying banquet were the summing up and climax. The following description of a Royal procession gives a fair idea of the Court to which our ambassadors had been sent, and of the kind of State ceremonies in which they were expected to take part:—

The Royal Guards, 200 in number, in white undress, with fixed bayonets, enclosed the procession, round which they formed a hollow square. In the procession the band went first, then the Court ladies and gentlemen, two and two and arm-in-arm, the ladies in gorgeous evening dresses of the brightest colours, without bonnets, but any amount of wreaths and artificial flowers by way of head-dresses. Fortunate was the envied owner of a crinoline. Shoes and stockings were rather at a discount, but each possessed a parasol,

\* *Madagascar and the Malagassy*. With Sketches in the Provinces of Tamatave, Betanimena, and Ankova. By Lieut. S. P. Oliver, Royal Artillery. London: Day & Son.

or an umbrella, of the gayest possible hue, except red, which is the prerogative of Royal blood alone. The Court gentlemen were dressed mostly in plain clothes. Red trousers seemed fashionable, and yellow waistcoats, with black or blue frock-coats or evening dress-coats. Broad beavers, gold-lace caps, and wide-awakes were worn indiscriminately. Several of them affected the same style of cap as the King wore, which consisted of the hide of the hump of an ox tanned, and shaped somewhat between a jockey cap and the French kepi. These caps they use to drink out of when thirsty, and when they are on a journey they eat out of them too.

Such was the grotesque company of bare-footed dames, and red-trousered gentlemen of colour, among whom the representatives of Her Majesty had for two months to make themselves agreeable. When we add that Malagassy ladies are addicted to chewing snuff, our readers will join with us in admiring the self-denial which enabled young officers of Her Majesty's army and navy to dance and dine with Miss Razandkazana and other sable beauties, and pay them all sorts of delicate attentions and compliments. This interesting Court had its own notions of etiquette. It is stated that on the first Sunday after their arrival the party were unable to attend the chapel in which the veteran Mr. Ellis preached to the King, because they had not yet been presented to His Majesty. There was one difficulty in the constitution of the Court, of a kind which not unfrequently has tried the mettle of European diplomatists at the Courts of "defenders of the faith," and "eldest sons of the Church." It was found that the King, like a German prince, was married not only to his Queen, but morganatically to a certain "Mary," who had great influence in the Royal councils. How was she to be treated? The missionaries had not been able to agree on this point, and it was debated a long time whether the Embassy ought to visit Mary; but at length the English ambassador, with the flexibility of conscience which diplomatists have usually shown in such cases, determined to be civil to the mistress, and Mary was formally visited. Lieutenant Oliver tells us that he had afterwards the honour of being presented to Mary at a private interview. As the time for the coronation approached, the most formidable difficulty of all emerged. Whether was the representative of the English or of the French Government to take precedence on the occasion? The King, it is said, had determined in favour of General Johnstone; but Dupré declared that if the General had precedence: "he would leave Antananarivo, go straight to Paris, and return with the Emperor's leave to bombard Tamatave, and to burn the capital." This terrible threat appears to have been effective, and one marvels that the English representative did not improve upon it. It was only a question of strong phrases, which neither Government represented would ever dream of carrying out. But England was not left without consolation. If the Frenchman carried his point, and took precedence at the ceremonial, our presents were more acceptable than those of the French. The French party had used all their influence to induce his Majesty at his coronation to don a magnificent suit of robes brought from France; but Radama persisted in wearing the English present—the uniform of a British field-marshal. As for the ceremony itself, we need only say that European State and ceremonial were imitated very closely by the grotesque ladies and gentlemen above described, in presence of an immense crowd of half-naked common people. The King put the crown on his own head, after the fashion of those sovereigns who do not leave the task to the Bishops of the Church, and he then put the crown on the Queen's head, immediately after making a stirring speech to the people, who are, as a rule, rather fond of speechifying. At the coronation banquet in the evening, served in European fashion, the healths of the Royal pair, and of the sovereigns of England and France, were duly given and responded to. Everything was *comme il faut*, but the realism of the savage peeped out in one native rite which was not neglected. After the coronation, the chiefs came forward to do homage, each making a speech to the King and putting half a dollar into a box beside the throne—a very effective mode of filling the Royal coffers, however incongruous with the occasion. The scene of the coronation was at a sacred stone outside the capital, and as the procession thither began to form about seven in the morning, and did not start till eleven o'clock, during which time the members of the Embassy remained breakfastless, it may be imagined that the privilege of representing Britain at barbaric Courts is not without its discomforts.

What was gained by our sending an Embassy among such a people, to take part in such mockeries of royalty? What is ever gained by these missions? The reply usually is a set of vague generalities about the advantages of extending our commerce, and arithmetic is pressed to show the resources of the countries visited; though, by the way, less is said on behalf of Madagascar than almost any similar country. Lieutenant Oliver only dwells on the fact that the island supplies the Mauritius with beef, and that rice, and "other natural productions," may be produced "indefinitely." Somehow or other, the result of these missions is usually small, and our aggregate trade with semi-civilized races would probably be as great as it is had we left the matter entirely to our traders themselves, who can take very good care of their own interests. Perhaps, indeed, if they were entirely innocuous, such missions might pass without criticism. Employment, we are aware, must be found for dependants of Government; and a Consulship in Madagascar or the Corea may be a good enough excuse for the vote which provides for a dependant's necessities. But the missions are not quite innocuous. Besides their direct cost, they sometimes provoke complications which may lead to the spending of a great deal of money. By judicious nursing, for instance, the quarrel between Commandant

Dupré and General Johnstone might have set France and England by the ears. But, above all, the missions are injurious to the natives themselves, helping to spoil their chance of assimilating European civilization. Nothing gives a King of Madagascar or Abyssinia a false idea of his importance than embassies from powerful countries, of whose greatness he cannot but have heard, treating him as an equal, and encouraging him to ape the forms and fashions of kingly dignity as understood in nations where the idea of divine right has had its day. This notion of divine right is indeed reported to have been ventilated by the Madagascar sovereign in his coronation speech, and though the report is discredited in the volume before us, it is not *per se* improbable. It is the most natural thing in the world that, with such encouragement, a savage monarch should delight in imitating European State ceremonies. His Court readily shares the infatuation, and the result is a childish playing at kings, queens, and courtiers, which is much preferred, of course, to education, and other prosaic proceedings by which Europe may really be imitated. The play of embassies is amusing and exciting to both sovereigns and people, but this fact will scarcely be sufficient to justify the business to English taxpayers, who ultimately defray the costs of the amusement. It is an appropriate sequel to the story of the Madagascar Embassy, that in six months after its departure the King was deposed and murdered by these amiable Malagassies, for the very sufficient reason that he threatened to pass a law legalizing assassination. The truth is that the King, in addition to his weakness for Mary, had a weakness for ardent spirits, and for the flatteries of his younger attendants, so that in self-defence the aristocrats of the realm substituted in his stead Queen Rabodo, from whom they exacted stipulations in their own favour. We suppose it is this lady with whom we entered last summer into a "Treaty of Navigation and Commerce," destined to facilitate, no doubt, the beef supplies of the Mauritius, and the exportation of rice, and those other productions susceptible of indefinite increase, which Lieutenant Oliver hints at.

#### BENT NOT BROKEN.\*

IN these days of literary Rosalinds, a man's name on the title-page of a novel is no warranty for the sex of the author; for, while taking two-thirds of the field of fiction for their own ploughing, and knowing that the crop they raise is quite as well looked on in the market as that produced on the masculine side of the acre, women still hold to the mock doublet and hose, and pretend that they receive greater consideration if they set themselves forth as Johns instead of Janes. For the most part the make-believe is transparent enough, and the would-be Ganymede stands unmistakably revealed before half a volume is gone through; the betraying point being generally somewhere in the delineation of the men, who are made too ruffianly or too virtuous, too stilted or too mawkish, according to the lady's code and eyesight, and who want those small incidental touches which prove the knowledge and the sympathy of sex. But sometimes a novel partakes of the characteristics of both John and Jane, and then the critic may be pardoned a slight uncertainty of judgment—as in *Bent not Broken*, which has the hairy hand of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob. It is masculine as to its form, and feminine as to its spirit. It has the "go" of the man in it—the dash, the diction, and the familiarity impossible to a woman's writing—and yet it has a triad of sentimental "duffers," to use its own expression, more after the pattern of women's men than of men's, in that love is made of too great importance, and ambition and self-reliance of too little, or rather of none at all, which is not the way in which men usually look at life, though to women and boys it is natural enough. Strangely too, for a man's book, the heroines are stronger and more lifelike than the heroes. Madeline Glebeley has little or nothing of the silly jealousy and suspicion so liberally ascribed to the lover Frank Henderson. Alice Vaughan has more strength of mind in accepting her disappointments than has her brother Stephen; while the stupidities of one ridiculous little worthy are worse than anything described of either Alice Vaughan or Annie Newman, though neither young lady is remarkable for sense or dignity. The constant recurrence of jealousy and suspicion on the part of Frank Henderson, favoured lover as he is, becomes intensely wearisome. He and Stephen Vaughan run the old race of rivalry for the affections of the same woman, and Frank wins. The girl herself, Madeline Glebeley, the rector's daughter, is honest, steadfast, and straightforward—the kind of girl whom a man with brains would trust to the end of time, and against any amount of doubtful appearances; but Frank, who is also intended to be a noble-hearted person, and so should be able to understand generous qualities in another, frets and fumes, and suspects and mopes, because Stephen does not conquer his love as soon as it is hopeless, and is ready to believe Madeline guilty of coquetry, and his friend of the basest treachery, without so much cause as would excuse even a passing fit of ill-humour. And this is not exactly the kind of manliness we should have expected a man to have delineated.

Stephen Vaughan is a very inartistic collection of contradictory qualities. A blundering, stupid, warm-hearted Hercules, as he is depicted, would have been more instinctively magnanimous or less stupidly good. He would have probably cried at the loss of Madeline—those great fellows sometimes do; but he would have

\* *Bent not Broken*. A Novel. By George Manville Fenn. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1866.



accepted that loss with more unselfishness, or he would not have accepted it at all; and he would have been either definitively friend or foe to Frank. As it is, he is one moment grasping his hand as in their old schoolboy days, and the next dashing him, stunned and bleeding, to the ground; one hour with his heart full of Alice Newman and his arm round her neck, and the next making vain appeals to Madeline to throw over Frank and take up with him instead. The book opens somewhat quaintly with these words, descriptive of Stephen's state:—"And for the moment it seemed as though the Devil had taken possession of his soul, as he stood looking at his struggling companion without stretching forth a hand to save him"—the struggling companion being Frank, not yet the declared lover of Madeline Glebeley; and the devil which had taken possession of Stephen's soul, and which keeps hold of what he has got to very nearly the end of the book, being jealousy. It would have been natural enough that one or two such internal conflicts should have taken place, both before and immediately after Madeline's final decision; but it is not natural to make them continue throughout the whole of the three volumes, recurring again and again as the "high lights" of the chapters—more especially as Stephen's somewhat susceptible heart turns off to a new love, so that he is in a manner tossed between opposing forces, without seeming to understand which girl he really loves after all.

The story is not all emotional; it has a good dash of sensationalism in it as well, and of what the author means to be taken as fun. But it is poor fun—fun that insists on calling a cow's tail a caudal appendage, that makes a man say he does not wish to have his vertebral column dislocated instead of saying he does not wish to have his neck broken, that talks about a battered head-case for a broken hat, the pettillation of cracking nuts, and that likens a man's new fancy, while still enduring the pangs of the old love, to the white paper of a seidlitz powder, "sharp and pungent, causing too a violent effervescence, which would eventually form a salutary draught." It is fun of a foolish slangy kind, rollicking and light-hearted enough, but not particularly amusing to any save boys, or men with more animal spirits than brains. Part of it consists in a certain punning nomenclature, more ingenious than witty. Thus the clergyman of the parish is Mr. Glebeley; Mr. Blovel is the butcher; Mr. Raynard is a detective; Remnant is a draper; Hopcraft an innkeeper; Deedes a lawyer; and there are others of the same class, which is fun made easy enough, and wit brought out at the lowest possible expenditure of intellect. The sensationalism is of the good old style—mystery, murder, the accusation of the innocent, the turning up of the guilty, and final restoration of damaged characters. A brutal miller, by name Sampson Elton, who has married his master's widow and thereby become the stepfather of Frank Henderson, after making himself obnoxious to everybody, and the tyrant and oppressor of all who come in his way, is one night missing. It is a wild and stormy night, and our miller has had to receive a large sum of money at market; and, as he does not appear when expected, Frank buttons up his coat, and goes out to look for him. But beyond hearing that he has been recognised at various points on his way home, and that the last trace of him was at the Red Lion, where he was then seen to be "a little upset—not to say bad, you know, just enough to make him pleasant and civil"—his stepson gets no tidings of him worth hearing. Time passes, and still no Sampson Elton; and but one conclusion is come to by all concerned—namely, that he has been murdered for the sake of the money he had about him, or that he might by chance have slipped into the mill-stream, and so have been drowned. Search is made, and after much trouble the body is at last found, horribly disfigured, and jammed up in the great mill-wheel, where it must have been thrust designedly, and where the miller could not have wandered or fallen by accident. Besides, the skull had been broken in, there was no money about the person, and it was evidently a case of brutal murder. Frank is with the searching party, as active in looking and ordering as any, and not much more moved than the rest when the body is found. But he opposes the search at that particular spot as useless, and he prevents the chance of unnecessary witnesses by shutting the cottage door when they come upon their horrible find. It has been a matter of public notoriety that he and his stepfather have not lived well together; and on these slender links of evidence, coupled with the fact that he had gone out to look for the miller on the night when he disappeared, the young man is arrested on suspicion of murder, and committed to goal on the finding of the jury at the inquest. Surely rather a loose and hasty proceeding, for the evidence is not enough to warrant the arrest of the worst scoundrel going, still less that of a young man of unblemished character. Also, it must be understood that another man was seen loitering in the road just where Sampson Elton would pass, and that there was a mystery in his life unfathomed by friend or neighbour. All of this slipshod law is also somewhat more feminine than masculine. This mystery, again, is handled but clumsily. It is allowed to run into sand in a highly aggravating manner, and is too much like the mountain and the mouse; or, rather, it is like the mountain without even a mouse as the result of its throes. What does it all mean? Who was the man living in secret relations with the miller? what were Sampson Elton's antecedents, that he should so carefully conceal them? what were his friends and family, that he should be so suggestively reticent concerning them? All these are ends of the great thread of mystery every now and then meandering visibly through the story, but they lead to nothing tangible or definite;

they are no clues guiding to the heart of the maze, and the whole thing melts away into thin air before any intelligible outline has been revealed. This is a grand mistake, so far as the interest of the story is concerned. Being sensational, it ought to conform to the best laws of its school; and having unearthed what might have been good game, its manifest duty was to hunt it to the end.

Of course the charge against Frank Henderson does not stand. He is tried for his life at the assizes, and acquitted; but being a weak and morbid young man generally, he breaks his heart at this disagreeable misfortune, believes that he is still suspected of the crime, takes to his bed and spits blood, and is finally ordered off to Australia as his only chance of salvation. His foolish mind is not even yet purged from its sin of jealousy, though Madeline has been all to him during his misfortune that an angel in woman's form can be; and he goes away to the antipodes fretting as is his wont, suspicious of Stephen Vaughan, suspicious of Madeline's truth, and offering such a doleful face to the whips and stings of fortune that we can hardly pity him for the hard knocks he gets. Little Tom Phipps, that wonderfully absurd cherubic homunculus, goes with him as his voluntary companion in exile; and the two live together in a hut, where the one does all the sighing and the other all the smiling, with a quite equal division of labour. After they have been in the bush for some time, Frank, doubting of everything in heaven and earth if a letter miscarries, sees in a paper the announcement of the discovery of the real murderer, and has a brain fever in consequence. When he recovers, he sets sail for England, and reaches home to find that Madeline is and has been mad, and is now in a lunatic asylum. He goes there, and sees her. It is an experiment whether the sudden shock of the meeting will mend or mar her poor crazed brain; but fortunately it turns to the good side, and Madeline is saved. The murderer, who has confessed on his deathbed and given back the stolen money, was one Mark Woodston, a labourer on the farm, who had been ill-treated by the miller; and so Frank's character is now re-established beyond suspicion. All the right people come together happily at the end, and there is a triple wedding at the parish church one day, with a rabbit-warren of infants following in due course. The Reverend Augustus Newman, who is a silly caricature labelled High Church, is the only one of the young people "left out in the cold." But he is too torpid and tepid a gentleman to create much sympathy any way.

Judging by the negative evidence of the title-page, this is a first work, and therefore pardonably crude and ill-considered. It is not wanting in talent, but it is wanting in skill, in delicacy of treatment, and in tenderness of touch; and especially it is wanting in that connected purpose of incident which makes a story continuously interesting. In *Bent not Broken* the events detailed have no significance to the main point, and no connection with one another. They stand alone, and are just so many independent essays to which nothing is linked and whence nothing springs out. And after a time the reader wearies of these useless leaps, none of which bring him nearer the flagstaff in the distance. In his next novel Mr. Fenn must aim at more closeness of connection and orderly evolution, else he will never learn the principles on which a good novel is constructed.

#### USEFUL INFORMATION FOR ENGINEERS.\*

"**ONY** foo mut write, mon," observed Sir Richard Arkwright to a friend who had remarked that a letter was well written. It seems that Sir Richard himself was no great adept in the art, and consequently did not prize it highly. He appears to have looked upon it somewhat contemptuously, as a mere mechanical contrivance which might be learnt by "ony foo," and as in no way a sign of a superior or cultivated man. In Sir Richard's time, as in our own, the remark was to a great extent true. "Ony foo" may not be able to write, as Sir Richard supposed, but a great many "foos" undoubtedly can. It is certainly not now the sign of intellectual superiority which it was in the days when noble lords had to make their mark, and the clergy alone considered it a necessary acquirement. But at the present time it appears very probable that the remark may admit of a much wider meaning than it was originally intended to convey. To write now is to have your writings published. To rush into print, as it is called, is becoming a universal fashion. Everybody writes. Why people do so it is hard to conjecture. It used to be considered that nobody should write unless he could break up some new ground. Now, the same ground is broken up over and over again, and in exactly the same way. New matter, new thoughts, new ideas, are not to be found in one book out of a thousand of those that are published at the present day; nor is the old matter arranged in a new manner or displayed in new lights. Had Sir Richard lived till now, he would probably have applied some of his expressive strictures to those modern high priests of humanity who write to teach mankind.

Far be it from us to hint that Sir Richard's remark, as quoted by Mr. Fairbairn, could in any way be applied to Mr. Fairbairn himself. Mr. Fairbairn is too well known in England and throughout Europe to require, or to fear, any words of praise or dispraise. His abilities, and the services he has rendered to science, are universally acknowledged. Few men are known better, for few men have been before the world in various public capacities for so long a time; and wherever Mr. Fairbairn is known he is respected. But the moral we would draw from

\* *Useful Information for Engineers.* By William Fairbairn, C.E., LL.D. &c. Third Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

the appearance of his present volume is this. If wise men will write such books as the one he has just published, is it astonishing that the "foos" do likewise? If these latter flood the world with their trash, so that we seem to be approaching that sad state of things in which, as Mr. Carlyle suggests, we shall be obliged to pay men not to write, will not men like Mr. Fairbairn be somewhat to blame for publishing such lectures as many of those contained in the present volume?

The *Useful Information for Engineers* consists chiefly of lectures which have been delivered before various Mechanics' and Literary Institutes. During the last thirty years the habit of giving lectures at such Institutes has been greatly on the increase. There are very few gentlemen now, in whatever position of life they may be, who have not been called upon at some time or other to give a lecture at some neighbouring Institute or Athenæum. There are no funds, as a rule, to pay lecturers, and therefore the officers and members have to induce their friends and patrons to come forward, and impart such knowledge as they may possess, gratis. Many speakers are doubtless glad of having the opportunity thus afforded them of airing their ideas or practising their powers of oratory, and often the arrangement is mutually beneficial and agreeable. It is not probable that very much original information is given in these lectures. It is not expected. The lecturers generally are men who have more time than the majority of their neighbours for reading and study, and the knowledge they attain by such means they popularize by lecturing. That many advantages may arise from this growing fashion is very probable. However that may be, so long as there are to be found people willing to give lectures, and people willing to listen to them, nobody can possibly object to the practice. If the public is not compelled to listen to them, the public will not say an ill-natured word of those who so delight to amuse themselves. But, unfortunately, lecturers are not nowadays content with giving lectures to the small audiences which are to be gathered in their own villages or immediate neighbourhood. Gentlemen not only lecture, but afterwards have their lectures printed and published. There may be some little temptation to do so. Some men take great pains and trouble in compiling their lectures, and the very fact of having taken such pains and trouble gives the product a value in their own eyes which it otherwise would not have. It would be well if they would get some impartial friend to estimate its value before they deliver it over to the rude gaze of the world. Had Mr. Fairbairn done this, we do not think he would have yielded to the temptation of publishing some of his present lectures.

One of them is "On Labour, its Influences and Achievements." It was delivered to the members of the Mechanics' Institute, Bolton. No doubt it was very appropriate for such an audience, and the probabilities are that the words spoken to the working-classes by Mr. Fairbairn, in a neighbourhood where he is well known, would have great weight. But, having given the lecture, why publish it? It is a mere string of commonplaces and platitudes somewhat prosily put together. It is very well to tell artisans with whom you may have personal influence that, in the selection of a wife, a man is never to lose sight of the idea that she is to be "the instructress and school-mistress of his family; that her example, conversation, and bearing is what her children will imitate"; and that, "be it for good or evil, children will inherit to a greater or less degree the impressions they receive in that stage of early culture which more immediately belongs to the mother than the father of a family." To tell them that "time is money"; that "the duty of labour engenders feelings of satisfaction and repose"; that knowledge will afford them the means of "procuring not only the necessities, but sometimes even the luxuries, of life"; that "young men of energetic minds, endowed with a spirit of perseverance, and fired with an ardent desire to distinguish themselves as benefactors of mankind," are to be hoped for; and that "it is very essential that we should have good mothers"—all this may be very proper instruction to convey to an audience who may not have considered such matters. But to publish a lecture which contains nothing more original, instructive, or entertaining than these few sentences, seems, to say the least of it, a great waste of labour.

Another of the lectures is "On Literary and Scientific Institutions," and was delivered at the "inauguration" of the Southport Athenæum. The lecture has, we can easily understand, an interest of its own for the inhabitants of Southport, and especially for those of them who have lodgings to let or hotels to fill. Southport is not as yet known as a sea-side watering-place in the same way as Llandudno or Scarborough is known. A few years ago the place came into notice in consequence of the experiments which were then tried between the Armstrong and Whitworth gun. If we recollect rightly, a newspaper correspondent who went to witness the experiments described the place as a "howling wilderness of sandhills." However this may be, Mr. Fairbairn either has a high opinion of the town, or else treated his audience to a little gentle flattery. "The mildness of the climate, the salubrity of the air, and, above all, the good feeling and hospitality of the inhabitants, aided, as I hope they will be, by the intellectual resources of your Athenæum, are inducements that are certain to be appreciated." Very probably this may be so, and had Mr. Fairbairn rested content with speaking thus to his audience, not a word of complaint could have been uttered. If it was flattery, it was very excusable flattery, and nobody would have grumbled. But now that the lecture is published, it is a

mere advertisement of the place. Otherwise than as an advertisement, of what possible interest can it be to the public generally?

In the same lecture Mr. Fairbairn speaks of the advantages of Literary Institutions generally, and points out to his listeners how their minds may be improved by reading, conversation, lectures, and study. In commenting on these topics, he does that which is perfectly justifiable when addressing a limited and friendly audience, but which is certainly open to exception when addressed to the public. He illustrates his remarks by his own "personal experience." In impressing upon his hearers "that self is a capital master," he refers to the fact that he himself is what is called a self-made man. He tells them that in his youth he had "few advantages"; that he had to supply sad deficiencies by "extraordinary eagerness in educational pursuits"; that he had "a craving appetite for distinction"; that he used to read the best authors, such as Addison and Steele, Hume, Smollett, and Goldsmith; and that he "was ambitious enough to place himself in competition with them, and established a system of mental rivalry which he carried on for many years, with improvement, but comparatively to his own discomfiture." He adds that he does not offer "these facts in a spirit of egotism, but to show that original defects in education need not prove an impassable barrier to improvement, when there is a strong determination to enlarge the mind and cultivate the intellect." No one would for one moment think of accusing Mr. Fairbairn of egotism. To such an audience as he was addressing, nothing would probably be more useful and instructive than such a modest reference as Mr. Fairbairn might make to his own career. They were face to face with a man whom they knew well—of whom they, and all who live in Lancashire, are justly proud. Now that he has risen to a high position in the world, the allusion to his former station would appear to them peculiarly becoming, and many of his younger hearers would take far more interest in the details he gave of his own struggles than in the general principles he was illustrating. But not so the public. It is the good fortune of this country to possess a large number of what are called self-made men. It is our boast, sometimes perhaps too loudly insisted on, that here every man of talent and energy has a fair chance. That numbers do succeed, and benefit their country, is very fortunate. To the self-made men themselves the reflection that they have fought their own way is naturally very pleasing. But still it must be allowed that some of them are a little too fond of quoting their own examples to the public. They are monuments of success, and they cannot resist the temptation of proclaiming aloud the means by which they obtained it. The fact of their being able to say "Do as I have done" implies a considerable amount of self-satisfaction. Many of them feel this, and exhibit it too plainly. Mr. Fairbairn is certainly not one of them, but it does appear a pity that he should have given the slightest ground for such a suspicion by publishing lectures which had much better not have been published at all.

Had Mr. Fairbairn omitted these particular lectures, and the three which precede them, his book would have been much more valuable. His lectures on "Iron and its Appliances," and the extracts he gives from various Reports he has made on the Paris Exhibition of 1855 and our own of 1862, with his papers on the construction of iron roofs, submarine telegraph cables, and the Atlantic cable in particular, are all full of interest. In these are given the results of his own experiments and his own special knowledge; and such results, with the means he took to obtain them, are valuable both to the engineer and to the general reader. When Mr. Fairbairn wrote his Report of his experiments on the construction of submarine cables, no less than 11,000 miles of cable had been laid, of which 8,000 miles were useless. As he observes, the failure of these 8,000 miles was not an absolute loss, and the subsequent success of the Atlantic cable fully justifies his remark. He had to make experiments upon the mechanical properties of different cables, and he determined by actual experiments the strengths, combinations, forms, and conditions of every cable considered of suitable strength and proportion to cross the Atlantic. Of these experiments Mr. Fairbairn gives a full account. No paper could furnish a better or clearer idea of the properties of the cable itself, the difficulties which had to be encountered in laying it, and the way in which they were overcome. It is only to be regretted that this paper, and two or three others on similar subjects, have not been published separately.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

On Monday Evening next, January 29, the Programme will include Mendelssohn's Quartet in A minor, for Strings; Schubert's Quintet in A major, for Piano and Strings; Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 26 (containing Funeral March), for Piano alone; and Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo," for Violin alone. Executant: M<sup>rs</sup>. Charles Hallé, Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Piatil, and Reynolds. Vocalist, Miss Louisa Fyne. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 28 Chesapeake; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

##### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—

SECOND MORNING PERFORMANCE, on Saturday next, February 2. The Programme will include Mozart's celebrated Quintet in G minor, for Strings; Mendelssohn's Piano-forte Quartet in E minor; Spohr's Barcarolle and Scherzo, for Violin, &c. &c. Executants: M<sup>rs</sup>. Arabelle Goddard; M<sup>rs</sup>. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatil. Vocalist, Miss Edith Wynne. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.